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THE ABORTION TRAP
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NATIONAL REVIEW

WHAT'S SO BAD ABOUT BEING POOR?

rles Murray. See Page 36.

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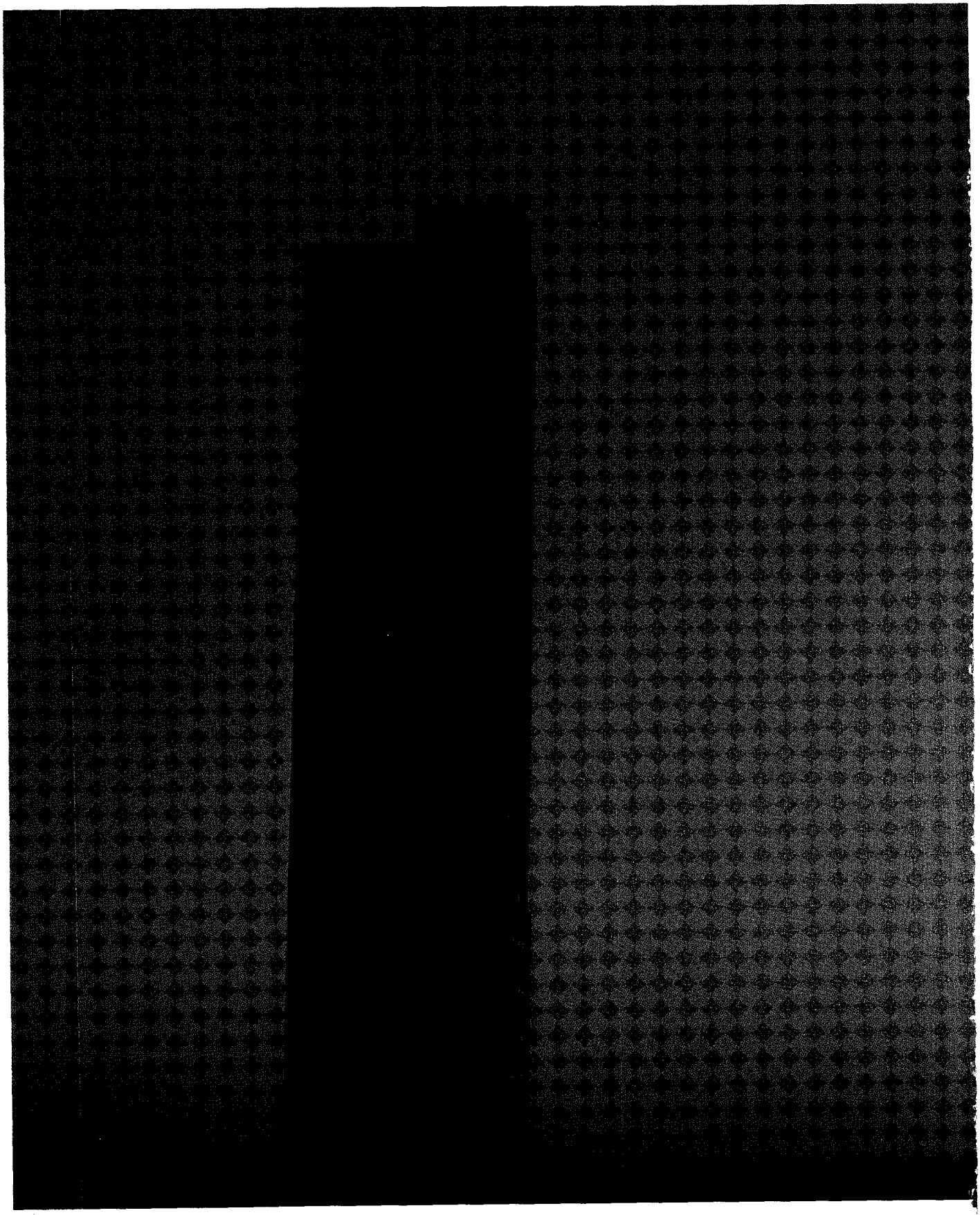

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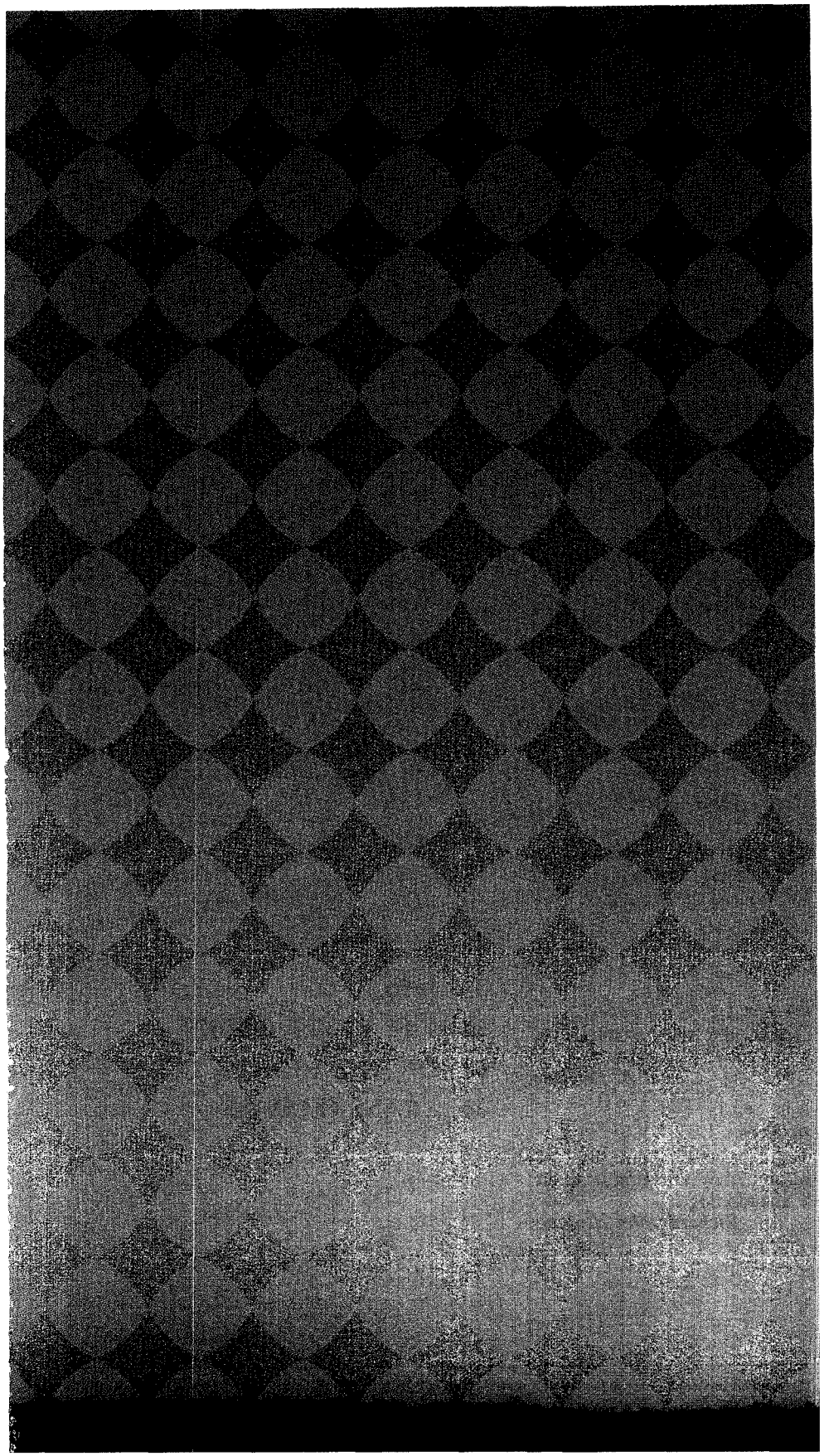

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LETTERS

Return Fire

May the fleas of a thousand camels infest Stuart Goldman's armpits ["I Was a Hit Man for the *L.A. Times*," Oct. 14]. Goldman can do nothing but chastise every aspect, good and bad, of our society because of a deep-rooted sense of insecurity and inferiority hiding behind his typewriter. Goldman's name should be inserted at the top of Mr. Buckley's "Horse's Ass" list, above, brace yourself, its present leader, Lowell Weicker. Goldman is a low-life snob.

It is no wonder that a member of his church called him "a bad witness for the Lord." He is a bad witness for any decent reader of NATIONAL REVIEW. *NR* should join the ranks of the *L.A. Times* and dump this creep along with his cantankerous flatulence. Add me to the list of those scraping to give Goldman "a sex-change operation, minus anaesthesia."

Andy Leach
Miami, Fla.

The Immortal Atheist

Concerning "What I Saw When I Was Dead" [Oct. 14], the author, Sir Alfred Ayer, was not dead. He explicitly writes that "the doctor subsequently told me that I died *in this sense* for four minutes." Italics are mine, to emphasize that to die in the sense of a four-minute cardiac arrest is not death. True, such a failure of heart action could have *led* to death or to loss of mental powers. But in Sir Alfred's case it did not. This is a clear example of what have come to be known as "near-death experiences." Death occurs when one *does not return.*

More interesting are Sir Alfred's words on emerging from his near-death state and his description of what transpired during that state. His first words, "You are all mad," according to his "more probable" interpretation, meant that he was informing a presumably Christian group of bystanders at his bedside that he "had not discovered anything 'on the other side.'" This reminds me of the early Soviet cosmonaut who reported that, having traveled far beyond earth's space, he had not encountered God out there. Of course not, to both Sir Alfred and the Russian: If God is God, one does not so encounter him or her.

The rest of Sir Alfred's paper is a philosophical excursus into the tantalizing question of future life and its relation or lack of relation to the existence of God. The article concludes with a re-affirmation of the author's atheism. If I could talk with him, I would like to ask him *what* God he denies. In my experience, atheists deny a God who in all probability never existed. The God in whom I believe would certainly understand and sympathize with such a position of intellectual integrity.

Mary Byles
Professor of Religion
Maryville College
St. Louis, Mo.

Extra Y Chromosome, Huh?

I assume that P. J. O'Rourke was trying to be witty when he wrote, "we've allied ourselves to an embittered racial group . . . for whom we intend to do zilch. . . . [They are] extra-Y-chromosome types who pester God on cable TV . . ." ["The Future of the GOP," Sept. 16]. I also assume that Mr. O'Rourke was thereby referring to Born-Again Christians, but I am not sure—evidently being an extra-Y-chromosome type myself. Mr. O'Rourke should be informed that we Christians are here to stay, and our influence is growing in the Republican Party. If he wants to call us mental incompetents because he disagrees with us, he had better form his own party.

Wayne Folta
New Carrollton, Md.

George's Trump Card

Campaign veterans must be taken aback at the presence of the environment in an election that the Republican agenda is dominating ["Pollution & Politics," "The Week," Sept. 30], particularly given the soft stand the Reagan Administration has consistently taken on the issue. Reagan's grudging support of the Clean Water Act, and his refusal to move on the acid-rain affair, which has left our Canadian neighbors quite perturbed, have seemingly left his supporters to the hounds as far as the environment is concerned. In an election year when syringes and contaminated blood bags are floating up on our beaches and the "greenhouse effect" is getting more attention than our starving comrades in Moscow, supporters of President Reagan should be cannon fodder on this issue.

But here comes George, with a back-

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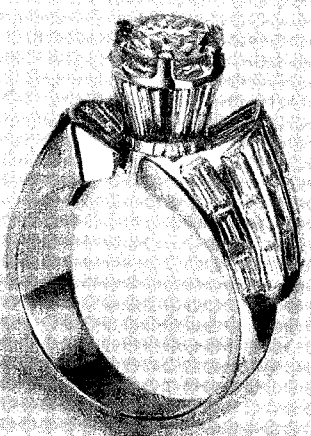

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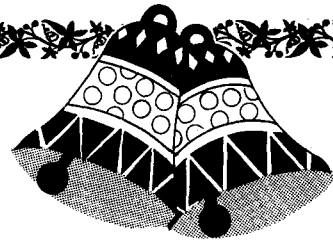

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drop of Boston Harbor! Luckily for the Republicans, the Democrats have chosen as their man a governor with one of the worst environmental records in the country. Talk about neutralizing an issue. George Bush, from the outset, has needed an emotional issue to distance himself, ever so slightly, from Reagan. He has needed to establish himself to the public as a viable entity with visions of his own, without downplaying his role in the success of the Administration. The environment issue has allowed Bush to travel from Boston Harbor to Big Sur, letting the voters see for themselves.

As reported in your editorial, "the dolphins are no longer seen off the shores . . . and the bluefish are leaving, too . . ." Traditionally, voters could not have cared less, but this year it matters. The minority "Sierra Club types" may or may not stop to listen, but, regardless, this is George Bush's election.

Allen Randolph
Baltimore, Md.

Curb Overpopulation

As two who consider ourselves traditionalists in family values, we agree with much of what was said in "What Social Conservatives Really Want," by Connaught C. Marshner [Sept. 2]. Unfortunately, Mrs. Marshner felt compelled to include a few paragraphs on population growth, taking the view that things would be better if such growth were unrestrained. Among otherwise well-reasoned arguments, this viewpoint stands as a disquieting lapse into the comfort of thoughtless dogma. Even now, with resources in decline, housing and food too expensive for many, and environmental degradation well under way, the effects of unrestrained population growth tear at society's cohesiveness.

Whether or not to have children is the choice of couples, as Mrs. Marshner says, but for the sake of all of us, couples should begin to choose to have fewer. Overpopulation is the worst social problem of many countries and must soon be faced by our own. If it is not faced voluntarily by child-bearing couples (and it isn't now), it will be controlled by nature (the four horsemen), or by the Federal Government (as it is in China). The latter is a particularly unpleasant prospect because it is doubtful that a democratic form of government can confront this problem. And yet, Khomeini, acid rain, nuclear weapons, world wars, and stock-market crashes are minor problems in comparison to unrestrained population growth.

Carl and Julia S. Frailey
Midland, Tex.

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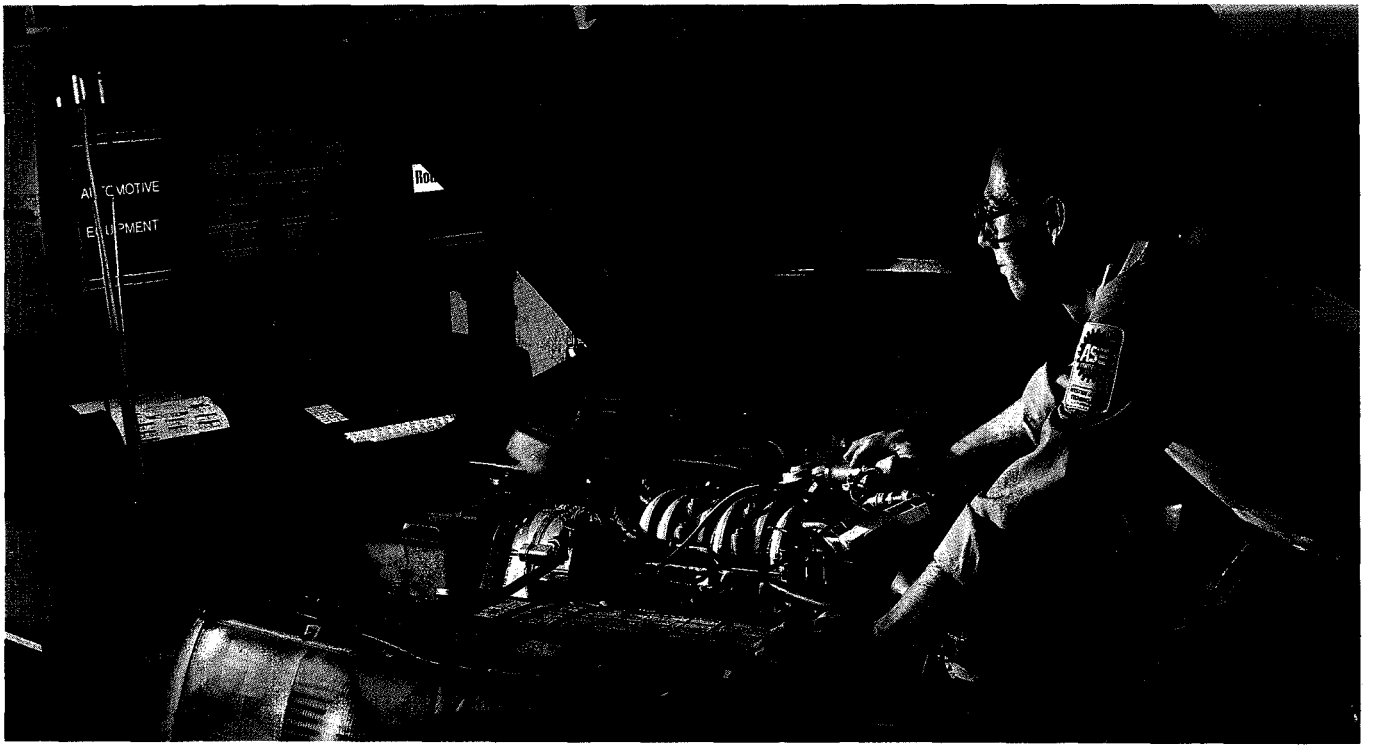

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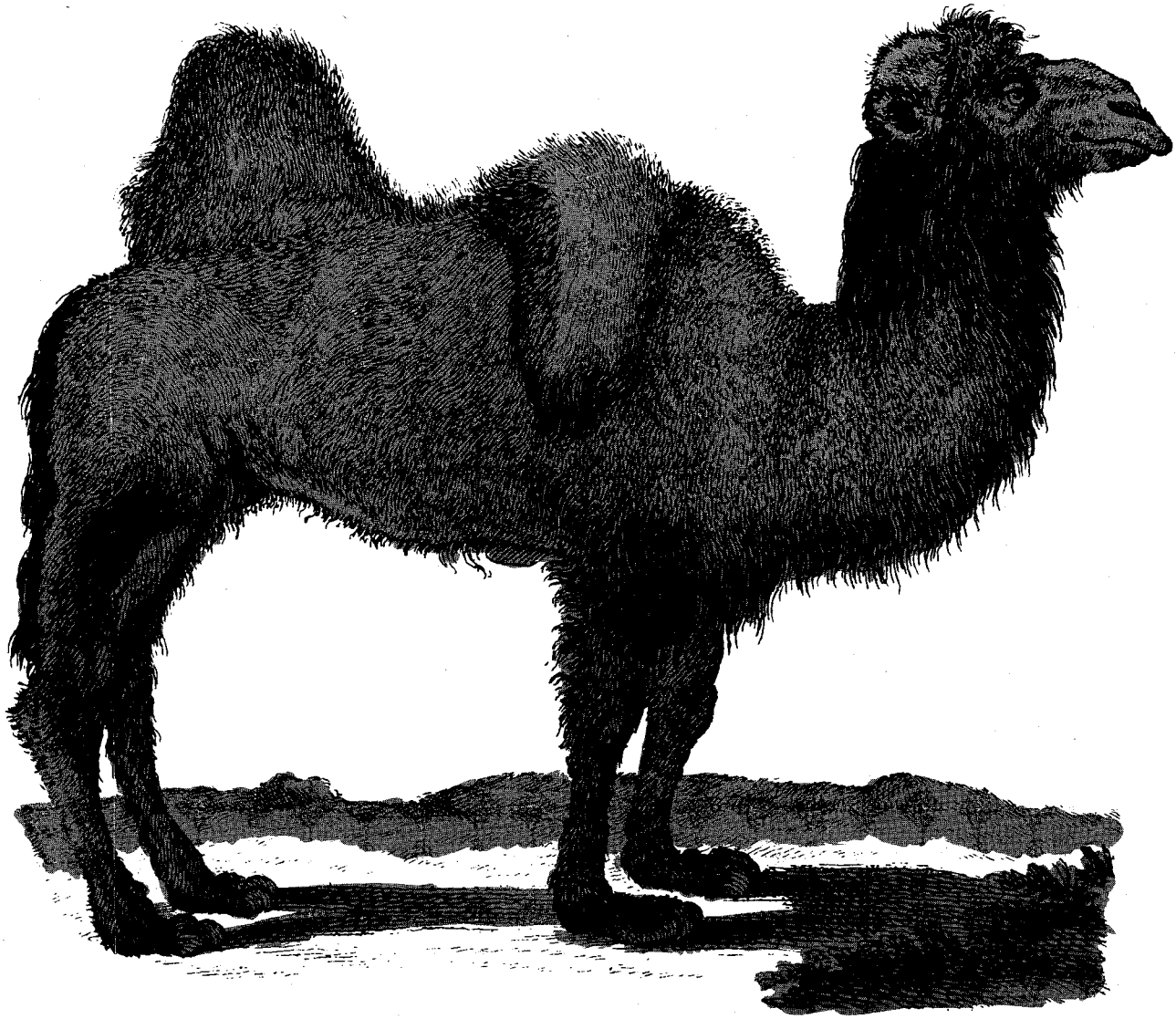

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FOR THE RECORD

New York Times front-pager morning of **Bentsen-Quayle** debate indicates **Bush** still ahead but **Dukakis** narrowing gap. But certain findings in same poll indicate major Dukakis problems. His unfavorable rating is now 35 per cent, the highest ever on an *NYT*/CBS News sounding. Poll shows 43 per cent of voters now consider Dukakis a liberal—up from 27 per cent in May. And the much-ballyhooed gender gap has disappeared: 45 per cent of women favored Bush in poll, 43 per cent Dukakis. . . . Recent *USA Today*/CNN poll confirms this. It found 47 per cent of women in Dukakis's camp, 45 per cent in Bush's. . . . Latest *Time* magazine poll has one fascinating figure. While voters over 35 divide evenly between Bush and Dukakis, those between 18 and 34 go for Bush 60 per cent, as against 33 for Dukakis. Explains *Time*: these voters know only two Presidents, **Ronald Reagan** and **Jimmy Carter**. . . . Former Democratic National Chairman **Robert Strauss** (who can be as frank as **Barry Goldwater**) says the Democrats have been outslicked. "The Republicans seem to have had the ability since 1980 to press a button and bring out the old pros who are good, who know what they are doing," says Strauss. "The Democrats press the button, and we re-invent the wheel." . . . **Stuart Rothenberg** of *The Political Report* feels Governor Dukakis "is still running a brie-and-chablis campaign when he should be running a lunch-basket campaign." . . . **Everett C. Ladd** of Roper Center asks: "Whatever the source of their views, do Americans think it is time for a change? In mid September the answer is No." He predicts a Bush victory unless Dukakis can "beat Bush decisively in personal terms, leadership, character, etc." . . . Recent polls show Bush well ahead in South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, and Texas, and it is rumored that Dukakis strategists are considering writing off the South. . . . Texans apparently would like to keep Lloyd Bentsen in the Senate. Polls show him twenty points ahead of Republican opponent, Representative **Beau Boulter**, but they also show Dukakis-Bentsen trailing Bush-Quayle by ten points. . . . In New York—which had been conceded to Democrats—**Arthur Finkelstein** poll finds Bush and Dukakis less than one point apart. "We're not seeing a surge to Bush," he says, "we're seeing an absolute bottom-fall-out of Michael Dukakis." Finkelstein says Dukakis's negatives have tripled since Atlanta.

Matt, *Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

"Oh no! I've just been sent an obscene fax!"

Blacks and Dukakis: **John Dillin** of *Christian Science Monitor* quotes **Milton Morris** of Joint Center for Political Studies as saying Bush may win as much as 15 to 16 per cent of black vote, as against Reagan's 9 per cent in 1984. "It spells trouble for Dukakis," says Morris, because that extra 6 to 7 per cent could swing a key state such as Illinois from Democratic to Republican. . . . A **Gallup** poll indicates only 41 per cent of blacks considered themselves "strong Democrats" in 1987, as against 55 per cent in 1984. Only 8 per cent of blacks call themselves Republicans, but among younger blacks that figure rises to 17 per cent. . . . Meanwhile the New Alliance Party's presidential candidate, black activist Dr. **Lenora Fulani**, is on ballot in key states with hefty electoral votes: Texas, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Florida, Michigan, and New Jersey—and may be on ballot in California and New York. Every vote Dr. Fulani gets will be at Dukakis's expense, and if that costs Dukakis the election, she says, so much the better. . . . Meanwhile, Faint Praise Department, black activist Congressman **Ron Dellums** has urged Afro-Americans to defeat Bush and offered a ringing endorsement of Dukakis: "We face a pragmatic reality to elect someone who poses the least resistance to our agenda and is the most vulnerable to our pressure."

Shock waves in Greece, where Michael Dukakis has become a folk hero, with publication of 13-page attack in influential magazine *Epotteia*, titled "Why Michael Dukakis is Not 'Our Man.'" Editor **Panayiotis Drakopoulos** calls Dukakis a "man of the Left" and says he would be incapable of handling the greatest threat to Greece and the world —Soviet totalitarianism. . . . Zaire political dissident **Tshisekedi Wa Mulumba** has been allowed to return to Kinshasa from six months' internal exile for calling President **Mobuto Sese Seko** "a Zairean **Caligula**." . . . When Mobuto was asked about reported political oppression in Zaire, he explained to *New York Times* correspondent **James Brooke**, "How can you imagine for a single instant that a political leader who is loved by his people, as is my case, can oppress the people who adore him, who find in him the expression of discovered peace?" (Wish it had been **Mike Wallace**.) . . . **Graham Greene**'s anti-Americanism remains firm. When asked about General **Noriega** the other day, he replied: "All I will say is that I'm afraid an enemy of my enemy is my friend. And my enemy is Reagan."

Petr Beckmann, author of *Access to Energy*, responding to brouhaha over greenhouse effect, points out that termites in digesting their food produce billions of tons of carbon dioxide a year. "It is a problem," he says, "that awaits resolute action by the not-yet-established CATF (Citizens Against Termite Flatulence)."

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THE WEEK

☐ We hear the Soviets are embarrassed about rumors linking them to the Institute for Policy Studies.

☐ If, as Michael Dukakis claimed in Atlanta, this election were about competence, not ideology, then Lloyd Bentsen would probably be the vice-presidential pick of those who watched the Omaha debate. Bentsen—sober, smooth, and glib as an Op-Ed piece—out-pointed his tight-jawed, easily flustered opponent. True, many of his substantive answers seemed to boil down to Jap-bashing and protectionism, but then a lot of Op-Ed pieces give those answers as well. Dan Quayle's best moment came in his closing, when he explained what the election was truly about: a choice between the road of Michael Dukakis and the road of George Bush. The silver-haired Rio Grande *patrón* has hired himself out this fall to do roadwork for the Duke. Good debater; lousy judgment.

☐ No craft looked more earthbound than *Discovery*, with its ungainly cocoon of detachable external fuel tank and booster rockets, squatting on its launch pad amid the Florida sands. Could it fly? Would it fly? Hundreds of thousands of Americans crowded the sandy shores of the Cape for lift-off, millions of others sat glued to their TV sets or radios, as did their Commander-in-Chief in Washington. It had been on his watch that the *Challenger* had been blown to pieces. Three . . . two . . . one—and ever so slowly the bird rose, so slowly that all over America a long breath was held. Then it headed up, and out, and America was back where it belonged, in the space age. A Soviet astronaut, on one such space mission, had reported there was no God. He had been in the heavens and had found no one there. But America, on Friday last, knew better. Thank God, said the President; thank God, cried the jubilant, weary watchers at Canaveral, the engineers and technicians at Mission Control, and the five brave men blasting their way toward the stars.

☐ Jesse Jackson asks to be given a plane-load of credit for the voter-registration drive he brings with him everywhere he goes. We wonder, though, just how many voters Jackson has actually registered. He visited Duke University recently and, after a rousing speech, invited his audience to sign up with his staff of volunteer registrars. One member of the audience, Duke senior Tom Haggerty, decided to undertake a little experiment: what would happen if he tried registering under a false identity? The experiment succeeded, and Haggerty promptly complained to the Durham County Board of Elections. In due course, it turned out that the Jackson people were not asking for proper ID or proof that applicants had not already registered in another state. The whole lot of registration applications (179 in all) was subsequently declared invalid. Coming soon to a town near you.

☐ As we go to press, Emperor Hirohito, 87, is gravely ill at the Imperial Palace in Tokyo. The popular press in England has been particularly nasty, calling Hirohito a war criminal, a mass murderer, etc. On a loftier level, the American scholar David Bergamini has tried to make a case for Hirohito's war guilt, but his argument has not been widely accepted, and for good reason. In 1945, Hirohito used what influence he possessed to urge an end to the war, aware that the forthcoming invasion would have devastated Japan. In the postwar years, he cooperated with the MacArthur proconsulship and provided a powerful symbolic bridge between a pre-modern and a modern Japan. Many at the time wanted to hang Hirohito, prominent among them Dean Acheson. But whatever his passivity before 1945, Hirohito subsequently played a worthy role in the transformation of his country, and for that he deserves to be honored.

☐ No question about it. South Korea was miffed at

Brookline-Bred

Like Hester Prynne, whose awful "A"
Clung to the poor thing night and day,
The "L" George Bush just branded on
Dukakis leaves him looking wan,
And though he scrubs with perfumes from
Arabia, opprobrium
Appears to be the fellow's fate
Through and beyond the last debate.

W. H. von Dreele

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

A DAY IN the life of a vice-presidential candidate, 1988: Dan Quayle hops a flight to Philadelphia. A throng at the annual firemen's exposition awaits him. Television cameras stand at the ready. The national press is there to record every word.

Here's what he says: "Being a senator from Indiana for eight years, I've been in a lot of parades. And every parade that I've been in, you know what leads that parade. A fire truck. Right there. It leads the parade because each and every community around America, big or small, places tremendous importance on the fire department."

The assembled firemen are delirious. The assembled reporters groan and close their notebooks. Quayle's handlers smile to themselves: the speech will get almost no notice in the media—just what the Bush campaign, eager to keep Quayle out of the spotlight, had in mind.

A wordsmith for Richard Nixon once said that there were two indigenous American art forms: jazz and the presidential acceptance speech. Now we know there are three. To that list add TelePrompTer recitation.

The TelePrompTer has been around for years in this country, but it is only just catching on in the rest of the world. The British were said to have been deeply impressed a few years ago by President Reagan's amazing ability to deliver a lengthy speech to the House of Commons with perfect syntax and, apparently, without glancing at notes—until they were informed that the two tilted glass panels perched on his lectern weren't there for security purposes. Since then, the TelePrompTer has become all the rage on the other side of the Atlantic as well.

Still, nowhere but in America is the prompter used so relentlessly to put words in the mouths of political candidates. Those words, lovingly crafted by a priesthood of anonymous speechwriters, may be chosen to create a new image or re-establish an old one, or to grab the public's attention, or even, as in Quayle's case, to put the public to sleep.

Whatever their purpose, the candidates' job is to read them and read them well. Both Bush and Dukakis have succeeded admirably at the task, reciting their lines with a sincerity and conviction that may warrant one of them an Emmy, if not the Presidency.

Dukakis recited his script at the Democratic National Convention in Atlanta with such teary feeling that even the battle-hardened members of the press were left stuttering in admiration. And everyone was very impressed by Bush's presidential stature while he read his acceptance speech.

It didn't seem to matter that the most moving—and, it seemed at the time, personal—element of Dukakis's speech came from a slip of paper that had been sitting by a speechwriter's phone "for years." That passage was the "Athenian Pledge" with which the governor concluded—something he apparently had not heard of before the speechwriter thrust it on him.

Similarly, few seemed to mind that Mr. Bush's speech was really the work of veteran Reagan speechwriter Peggy Noonan—although there were a few arch inside-the-Beltway comments about running Miss Noonan for the Presidency instead of Mr. Bush. The Bush campaign's spin operation even whipped up a neat little anecdote to buttress the fiction that Bush actually had the time to write his own speeches. (For the record, this anecdote had Bush, stocking feet propped up on a chaise longue, reading a portion of the speech he was working on to his wife, who, in turn, offered some witticism that the Vice President obligingly incorporated.)

Of course, Bush has no such time, any more than Michael Dukakis or any other modern major-party presidential candidate does. Nor, it might be argued, does the public have the patience for the rather dry policy expositions that would be likely to emerge from the candidates' own hand. They expect poetry and pizazz—and the kind of style that can be conveyed in a thirty-second sound bite.

And they want familiarity. An expert speechwriter—a Peggy Noonan on the Republican side; a Robert Shrum, who has written for the likes of Muskie, McGovern, and Kennedy, on the Democratic side—can provide a kind of link with the ages. That sort of professional can conjure up around a modest candidate the shimmering aura of a more dynamic predecessor—almost making a Dukakis sound like a Jack Kennedy or a Bush sound like a Ronald Reagan.

Almost, but not quite. Commentators compared Bush's stammering performance in his debate (where there were no TelePrompTers, of course) to his commanding turn at the podium in New Orleans. Really, they should have known better. One can't help wondering, though, what the public must think. If the divide between scripted and spontaneous performance becomes too great, a lot of people might begin to assume that the men behind the scenes are telling our nation's leaders what to think as well as how to speak.

—CATO

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the United States over the Olympics. One *casus belli* was NBC's coverage of the games, particularly the extended attention paid to a South Korean boxer who staged a sit-in after losing a bout, plus a number of negative documentaries that caused surprise and bitterness among South Koreans who feel—rightly—that they've come a long way since the end of the Korean War. The second problem was the fact that some American athletes, letting off steam after the contest, celebrated as they would at home: drunk and disorderly some of them certainly were, behavior that is more smiled upon than frowned upon in the West, but not accepted in Asia with its rigid code of conduct. Put it down as a sour note, but no more than that.

□ G. K. Chesteron, who saw it all coming, once defined a feminist as "one who hates the chief feminine characteristics." In his new apostolic letter on women, John Paul II has given that witticism exegetical depth. Delving into the sacred texts of the West, the Pope finds divine warrant for the traditional differentiation of the sexes in Adam and Eve, Jesus and Mary, the institution of marriage. Each sex has its own nature and distinct dignity, he says, and mas-

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culine "domination" or "discrimination" in any form invidious to women is forbidden. But each sex also has its own role to play in the order of creation, and a woman's role as mother must not be derogated by "masculinization" in the guise of women's rights. Among other things, this rules out the ordination of women as priests: the Pope notes that Christ, who was remarkably attentive to even socially despised women, nevertheless did not elevate women to the priesthood, even though priestesses were common in the pagan religions of the first century. "No theologian worth his or her salt today would say women cannot be ordained priests," one Catholic feminist snorted, by way of reply. She meant that most theologians today subscribe to the progressive ideology that seeks to annihilate the traditional differentiations of Western society. True, the Pope is out of tune with the ideology *du jour*, on this as on abortion, gay rights, and a host of other "issues." But he has expressed again the conviction of the Western mainstream, which long antedates that ideology, and will long survive it.

☐ Shiva Naipaul was a West Indian Asian who, perhaps because of his people's ambiguous attachment to their present homeland, developed a detached eye and an ironic style. These served him well in his political travel writings, in which he delivered wry accounts of Third World self-deceit that inspired both tears and laughter. Mr. Naipaul died in 1985 at the untimely age of forty. The London *Spectator*, where much of his work appeared, has established a prize in his memory to be awarded to the English-language writer under 35 "best able to describe a visit to a foreign place or people." Entries of not more than four thousand words should be addressed to the Shiva Naipaul Memorial Prize, *The Spectator*, 56 Doughty Street, London WC1N 2LL, not later than December 1.

☐ The make-or-break issue of the campaign is turning out to be whether George Bush's father, Prescott Bush, in 1909 as a young army officer broke into the grave of Geronimo, stole his skull, and installed it in the Skull and Bones society house at Yale. At least so charges Ned Anderson, an Apache tribal leader. There is no evidence that the grave of Geronimo at Fort Sill, Okla., was ever disturbed. The Indian took at least 49 white scalps. His descendants are unwilling to exhume the body. The Bush family denies the whole story. If there are any more people with wacky, minority grievances out there, will they please stand up in time to help the Dukakis campaign, which has far more skeletons in its closet?

☐ Noted with pleasure: the *New York Post* headline on the death of publishing tycoon Generoso Pope Jr.: NATIONAL ENQUIRER OWNER GOES TO MEET WITH ELVIS.

☐ What do Willie Mosconi, Minnesota Fats, and Carl Rowan have in common? They are all great pool-shooters, of course.

His Shadow

Dukakis has a shadow that
  Goes in and out with him;
Its name is Jesse Jackson, and
  When polls are looking grim,
He scans the weather pages for
  Some respite from the sun
Lest Jesse's shadow on the stump
  Lead to oblivion.

W. H. VON DREELE

Pyrrhus Was a Greek, Too

THE MODERN presidential debate is not a debate, as such things are understood by high schools, TV talk shows, or the House of Lords. Candidates do not get to speak at length, to mix it up much, or to elaborate on their views. (Perhaps the last such debate in American politics was the clash between Thomas Dewey and Harold Stassen before the Oregon primary of 1948, which focused on the question of illegalizing the Communist Party, and which effectively ended Stassen's career.) The post-1960 televised debate is a tandem press conference—a joint recitation of stump speeches.

Within those tight formal constraints, the first Bush-Dukakis debate was unusually pointed.

Stylistically, the evening was a near-draw, with a slight edge to Dukakis. Bush performed worse than one has come recently to expect of him, which is to say he did better than one would have predicted a year ago. The worst performance, beyond question, was that of Peter Jennings, when he smarmily asked Governor Dukakis to comment on the charge that he was passionless.

Intellectually, Michael Dukakis was the more focused candidate. Bush tended to rely on untranslated Beltwayisms (e.g., the McKinney Act), which may be fine around the office, but doesn't play well in Peoria. His most serious blunder was his fumbling of the insinuation, first raised by a reporter, then seized by Dukakis, that mothers who seek abortions would face criminal sanctions under a Bush Administration. The whole weight of Western law historically has focused on punishing the abortionist. Bush didn't know it, or couldn't recall it.

Overall, Bush showed an ease and an amiability that was missing from Dukakis's robotic performance. Humans would tend to prefer the Vice President.

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Martians would vote overwhelmingly for the governor. Yet Dukakis seemed, more of the time, to have his eye more firmly on the ball.

How much, however, did Dukakis's superior performance help him? He knows the name of one world leader, General Noriega, to which he recurred indignantly several times. It was not clear from the debate that he knows much about anyone else. He answered Bush's offensive on the Pledge of Allegiance with a defense of his own patriotism ("My parents came to this country as immigrants," etc.) which was tough, but beside the point. He assailed Star Wars, and acknowledged that he opposed the death penalty. He bewailed the deficit, but offered, as his only remedy for it, to "work with Congress," i.e., Jim Wright.

He presented himself, in short, as what Bush has been accusing him of being all along, a l------: soft on social issues, incurious about the world except as it offers instances of American meddling, ignorant of economic incentives, and comfortable with the wish-list spending of the 100th Congress.

Another such victory, and Michael Dukakis will be undone.

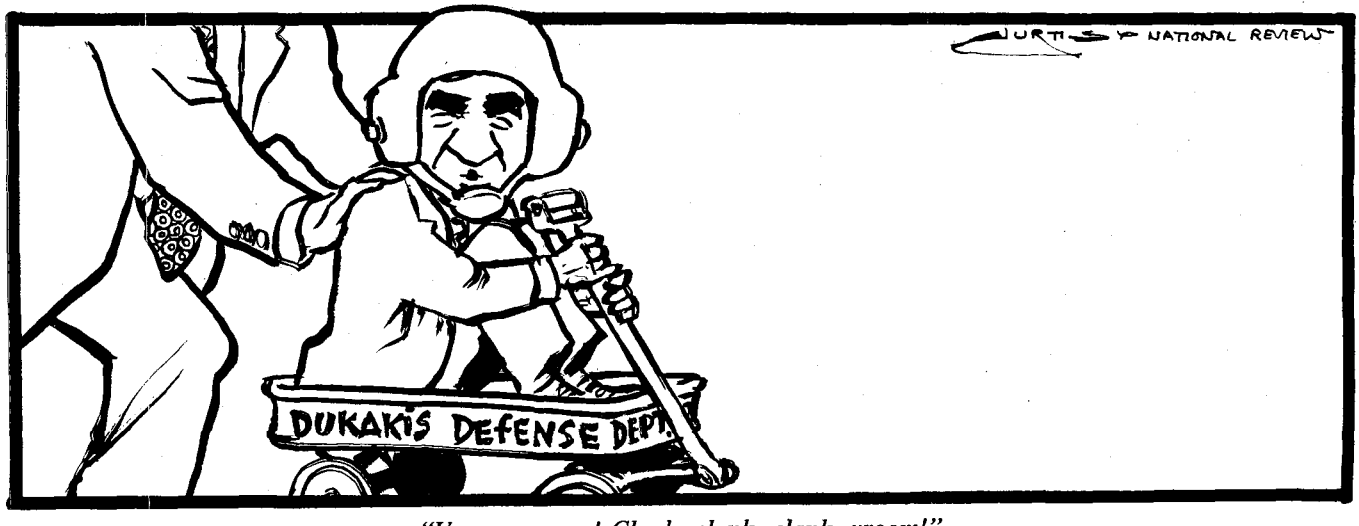
Voting on Economics

THE SUPPLY-SIDE COUP in the United States and Britain has now been test-proven in at least two dozen other countries, from Bolivia to Botswana, from Singapore to Turkey, from Australia to Colombia. Socialism is now in rapid retreat, thanks to an aggressively implemented alternative of lower tax rates, deregulation, and privatization. That program has unleashed individual initiative wherever it has been tried, already lifting a billion citizens of the Asian NICs (newly industrialized countries) to a reasonable level of prosperity in a single generation. The future success or failure of economic policy in the United States, the leader of this vigorous worldwide revival of free enterprise, will have an enormous influence on the direction of both politics and economics throughout the world well into the next century.

Governor Dukakis advocates substantial government tinkering with the voluntary arrangements between employers and employees. He would impose a hidden payroll tax on employers to finance medical insurance, even though young employees might prefer to work for more cash and buy their own benefits. If mandatory charges are added to the cost of hiring inexperienced labor, either wages or employment would have to fall. But wages could not adjust, because the governor also favors a steep increase in the minimum wage, which would mean that millions of young people would simply not find jobs. All of Mr. Dukakis's rhetoric about "good jobs at good wages" turns out to mean making it illegal to offer "bad jobs"—the sort of jobs most of us had when we first left school.

Manufacturers are also apprehensive about the governor's enthusiastic support for advance notification of plant closings, viewing it as a first step toward making employers as reluctant to hire as they are in Europe, because lay-offs become as difficult and costly as a divorce. Mr. Dukakis's support for prohibiting "hostile" takeovers would add yet another rigidity, since the risk of losing their high-salaried jobs is the only thing that keeps some managers alert to new business opportunities.

The first result of all such "microeconomic" meddling is sure to be a loss of jobs. And the orthodox Democratic response to unemployment is to lean on the Federal Reserve to print money, in order to push interest rates below the inflation rate. Part of this Carteresque strategy is to collapse the dollar, in the hope of exploiting foreign and domestic bond-holders. As one of Dukakis's advisors, Lawrence Summers, wrote in *The New Republic* in January, "the sooner the dollar falls, the less debt we will have to pay." The basic idea is to cut a deal with the Fed to print more money if the government would add new taxes. As Governor Dukakis put it, "I'd like to see tighter fiscal policy in this country and more liberal monetary



"Vroom, vroom! Clank, clank, clank, vroom!"

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GORBACHEV'S MASTER COUP

THE REPETITIONS of history are more striking in the Soviet Union than in the more haphazard West. The only predecessor to whom Mikhail Gorbachev has paid moderate compliments (leaving Lenin aside) is Nikita Khrushchev. What Khrushchev did so well in 1957, Gorbachev has now done no less brilliantly.

The earlier master coup is worth recalling. Having in 1953 liquidated Stalin's henchman, secret-police chief Beria, Khrushchev demoted Stalin's protégé, Malenkov, in 1955. But his hold on power was still precarious: too many of the old gang were still around, Malenkov among them, for though he had lost the premiership, he retained his seat on the Presidium.

So Khrushchev went to work packing the Central Committee—the real power house of the Party—with his nominees. In June 1957, he summoned the Committee with military efficiency: literally, for Marshal Zhukov, wartime hero of Moscow and Stalingrad, sent military planes all over the USSR to bring distant members to the center. (A sign: the annual air show was abruptly canceled.)

Victory was sweet. Malenkov was exiled and the clique around him, dubbed the "anti-Party group," was disgraced and disbanded. Having used Zhukov, however, Khrushchev began to fear him. The dread specter of "Bonapartism" was rearing its ugly head. In October, Zhukov, declared guilty of a "cult of personality," was ousted in his turn.

There was even a *perestroika* parallel (though the term was not yet in popular usage). In May 1957, a month before his coup, Khrushchev had presented a plan to the Supreme Soviet for a sweeping reorganization of industrial production. Well, we all know what happened to Mr. K's economic dreams. . . .

In the current instance, Gorbachev, threatened in much the same way by Brezhnev's old guard, summoned the Central Committee with such abruptness that his personable foreign minister, Eduard Shevardnadze, had to cut short his appearance at the UN.

As far as one can judge, Gorbachev's victory is complete, though not yet completed. His particular rival, Yegor Ligachev (so quaintly styled "conservative"), seems to have lost his post as No. 2 in the Politburo, in charge of ideology. Instead, he will be in charge of a new commission on agriculture, the ultimate disaster area of the moribund Soviet economy.

At 79, Andrei Gromyko, the long-serving former foreign minister, was no threat. But as titular president he was in Mikhail's way. It has been clear since the special All-Union Party Conference in the spring that Mikhail sees himself as President Gorbachev, duly elected and able to look President Bushakis (a term coined, I believe, by *The Economist*) in the eye.

Of all the departures, the most mysterious is that of Anatoly Dobrynin, longtime ambassador to the United States. When the newly ascended Gorbachev brought him home three years ago, it was to entrust him with the top-priority bit of *perestroika*: he was to be in charge of the powerful International Department (ID) and as such the mastermind of the entire active-measures apparatus carried out by the KGB.

By all the evidence, he did a splendid job. So why did he have to go? Because, at 68, he was too old for Gorbachev's new-look younger image? Internal rivalries? We don't yet know.

Of all the top jobs, heading the ID is the most important to the outside world. At press time, the indications were that Gorbachev's new Party commission in charge of international affairs will now be calling those particular shots. To head it, Gorbachev has appointed his mentor and principal ally, Aleksandr Yakovlev, the real originator of *glasnost*.

The man to watch is going to be the unknown Vadim Medvedev, who now fills Ligachev's old post in charge of ideology within the Politburo. It does look as though the old order of precedence has been radically changed. Traditionally, the ideology man on the Politburo oversaw the work of the ID head. Thus, for many years, Mikhail Suslov was Boris Ponomarev's overseer. Now, the situation awaits clarification.

So, too, do the role and direction of the KGB. The shadowy head of that shadowy organization, Viktor Chebrikov, has been replaced by his No. 2, General Kryuchkov. Chebrikov, like Yuri Andropov (Gorbachev's protector) before him, was a member of the Politburo (and so remains). Kryuchkov is not. This could signal a return to the long period when the head of the secret police and spy network did what he was told without giving policy directives.

SO, WHAT NEXT for the ebullient General Secretary? When he was heckled in Siberia the other day, the message reaching the Party faithful, as well as the outside world, was that, so far, *perestroika* had failed to put goods on the shelves for shoppers to buy.

If Gorbachev is to provide goods for the market, he will have to create one. And that means drastic price increases (i.e., inflation). And that in turn means public unrest, meaning almost certainly martial law. Let us all watch with interest. □

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policy." Yet we have tried that "policy mix" before—in 1969, 1973, and 1979—and all we got was "stagflation."

What kind of new taxes would a Dukakis Administration favor? The top Democratic advisors, such as Summers, James Tobin, and Felix Rohatyn, have advocated taxing stock-exchange trades, taxing short-term capital gains at a much higher rate, and taxing interest payments to foreigners. This is, of course, a proven method of causing a crash in the market for U.S. stocks and bonds, and therefore a collapsing dollar. Allan Blinder of Princeton, another Dukakis advisor, favors a surtax on higher incomes, while Mr. Summers and others want a big value-added tax. Although such taxes would weaken the economy and thus raise little or no money, Governor Dukakis has many plans to spend more. He speaks of "seed money" for this project or that, but seeds have a way of growing into big trees.

On foreign trade and investment, as T. R. Reid of the *Washington Post* observes, "Dukakis has been echoing the populist, nationalistic message . . . that Gephardt used last spring." Such thinly veiled protectionism is particularly risky now that U.S. exports are growing at a hectic pace, partly thanks to new American factories co-financed by Japanese and European investors. The push to unite Europe economically by 1992 could easily lead to protectionism vis-à-vis U.S. exports, with the excuse that the Europeans were merely emulating our policies, and Australian officials have likewise been citing our trade policies as a reason for creating another insular trade bloc with Asia.

A consistent theme emerges from all these particulars. Dukakis would protect union workers from competition with young people, protect established business managers from competition with those willing to offer stockholders more money, and protect high-cost producers from foreign rivals. The "seed money" he wants to use to subsidize enterprises that could not stand on their own would come from higher taxes on productive workers and investments. If it is impossible to achieve egalitarian results by raising everyone to the same level, Governor Dukakis has no qualms about trying to lower everyone to the same level.

The obvious advantage of a Bush Administration is that it would not be a Dukakis Administration. There are other predictable advantages as well. Mr. Bush has proposed a cut in the capital-gains tax rate to 15 per cent, and defended it sturdily, on solid supply-side grounds, in his debate with Governor Dukakis. Protectionism was raised as an issue in the South Carolina primary by both Bob Dole and Pat Robertson; George Bush resisted it then, and presumably would continue to do so, in the spirit of the Reagan Administration's Canadian trade pact.

But how much better a Bush Administration would be depends very much on which of his advisors Mr. Bush pays most heed to. Martin Feldstein—who left the Reagan Administration because he was convinced the sky was falling—has been close to Bush for years; the 71-month-long economic recovery will, one hopes, incline Mr. Bush to listen to more sanguine advisors. The dollar started its fall during Jim Baker's tenure at Treasury, though his G-7 initiatives toward international monetary stability were promising.

The men closest to Bush (and Bush himself) are pragmatists. This has caused them to look favorably on what has worked over the last seven years—Reaganism. So long as they continue in that course, the choice next month will be between prosperity without inflation in a Bush Administration, and inflation without jobs in a Dukakis Administration.

Susan Estrich, Attorney General?

It is a flaw in our system of selecting national Administrations that too little attention typically is paid to the mettle of individuals who will populate such Administrations apart from the President and Vice President. Who is to say, for example, that the promise to appoint Jesse Jackson as secretary of state or Jack Kemp as secretary of the treasury would not affect, one way or another, the votes of several hundred thousand Americans?

What immediately prompts this reflection is the virtual certainty that one of President Dukakis's first appointees would be his campaign manager, Susan Estrich. Miss Estrich, in between presidential elections, is a tenured law professor at Harvard, finding time also to serve on the national board of directors of the American Civil Liberties Union. The early odds suggest that she is likely to wind up somewhere in the Department of Justice, perhaps as solicitor general, perhaps even as attorney general.

What makes this such a provocative possibility is Miss Estrich's politics. While, like her mentor, she eschews political labels ("Labels mean different things to different people and they can be quite deceptive and not very helpful. I do believe in public service. We could go all day, issue by issue, and still not . . ."), her scholarly writings are quite instructive.

It cannot be said of her that she is close to middle ground even by Harvard Law standards. (Harvard Law is the breeding ground, readers will remember, for the increasingly influential neo-Marxist Critical Legal Studies school, which rejects traditional Western notions of the rule of law, instead claiming that legal argument can never be an enterprise distinct from political argument.) Take, for example, her essay on rape, published in the *Yale Law Journal*. This essay calls into question the traditional theory that liberals who have been mugged turn into conservatives. Not

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Miss Estrich, in any event. Rather, following her own rape at the hands of an ice-pick-armed attacker, she came around to the conclusion that the "history of rape . . . is a history of both racism and sexism." "Non-traditional" forms of rape, e.g., date rape, are dealt with insufficiently harshly by society because of antiquated social views of sex and women which "celebrate male aggressiveness and punish female passivity." Society's preoccupation with forcible or violent rape, according to Miss Estrich, has led it to ignore the equally serious case of males refusing to interpret female silence as non-consent. (What Miss Estrich ignores is the factual ambiguities that necessarily attend the latter conduct. It is not that society condones "non-traditional" forms of rape, but rather that our legal system properly insists upon the clearest possible definition of an offense and evidence of culpability before a criminal charge is leveled against an individual, even an alleged "date rapist.")

Miss Estrich further expounded on the state of "sexual justice" in a book published by the ACLU entitled *Our Endangered Rights*. Here she observed once more that American social thought was bound up with inappropriate and antiquated "cultural expectations and assumptions about gender" and that the Supreme Court itself was dominated by an ideology of "separate spheres." In one tragic decision, for example, the Court refused to strike down as unconstitutional a congressional act limiting the role of women in military combat roles. In another, it refused to void a pre-Dukakis Massachusetts state law affording civil-service hiring preferences to veterans, more of whom happened to be men than women.

It is a long-drawn-out tale, but ultimately Miss Estrich's solutions include abortion-on-demand, the legalization of homosexual and lesbian marriages, the abolition of laws that distinguish between nuclear families living together and couples shacking up, the encouragement of homosexual adoption, the inclusion of sexual orientation (i.e., homosexuality) as a new "protected" civil-rights category, and the elimination of all gender barriers to any form of military service.

We may come to long for the days of Ramsey Clark at the Justice Department (never mind Ed Meese) if events conspire to put Michael Dukakis into the White House.

Bushmen

MEANWHILE, WHO is likely to staff a Bush Administration?

There has been a good deal of speculation on this subject already, of which a piece by *New York* magazine's political reporter, Joe Klein, offers a fair specimen. "Bush," Klein wrote, "seems to shy away from the ideologues and pyrotechnic intellectuals Ronald Reagan favored. He is more likely to seek foreign-policy advice from someone like Lieutenant General Brent Scowcroft than from Jeane Kirkpatrick; more likely to discuss education with Xerox's David Kearns than with the Reverend Jerry Falwell. . . . 'You will not see Elliott Abrams as an assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs in a Bush Administration,' says a Central America expert. 'You will see someone who has a diplomatic background in that region.' "

Hmmm. Such analyses are not simply analyses, of course. They also have a hortatory purpose. "You will not see" in the mouth of the convenient expert means "Bush should not pick."

The foolproof prediction for a Bush Administration is that Jim Baker will get what he wants. The only question is, What does he want? For months, the assumption was that he would become secretary of state. But the Defense Department also attracts him, since its discretionary funds give the mover and shaker more play. Baker at Defense raises the grim prospect that George Shultz might continue in his present position.

Holdovers will be the major downer of the Bush Administration. Nicholas Brady, now at Treasury, and Dick Thornburgh, at Justice, are two unimaginative Republican establishmentarians who will be staying around after November 8, if Bush does.

There are some brighter prospects on Bush's short list, of course. New Hampshire Governor John Sununu saved Bush's neck in February, and will almost certainly be rewarded with something. Michael Boskin, the Stanford economist Bush cited in his debate with Michael Dukakis, will give good supply-side counsel to counteract the advice of Harvard's Martin Feldstein, the other economist Bush cited. Dick Darman, Jim Baker's loyal aide, would be good news in a junior post at Treasury or an economic slot at State. Baker himself, who is a politician singularly untroubled by ideological or philosophical matters, is concerned with political flow. If the flow is to the right, that's fine with him.

There is, finally, the fact of Bush's notably conservative campaign. He has made this election a referendum on ideology, far more than Reagan's feel-good

By the Year 2040

Demographers, who look at race
Dispassionately, make the case
That Spanish-speaking people will
Surpass all couples on The Pill,
And whether Tennyson's still taught
Leaves them supremely under-wrought.

W. H. VON DREELE

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sweep in 1984. For the sake of consistency as well as expediency, therefore, a victorious Bush should remember what put him in the White House. He has run like a conservative. Let him govern like one.

The Brawley Gang v. Us

THE NEW YORK grand jury investigating the Tawana Brawley case has made it more or less official: Little Miss Brawley was lying through her teeth about having been kidnapped, raped, and smeared with dung by a gang of white racists. Even the dung has been traced to her own dog. Her "advisors"—the Reverend Al Sharpton and lawyers C. Vernon Mason and Alton Maddox Jr.—have been exploiting the gullibility of white liberals with such reckless abandon that even those liberals have finally turned angrily against them. "Tawana Brawley is a liar," says the *New York Times*, "and Mr. Maddox, Mr. Mason, and Mr. Sharpton are charlatans."

How could it happen? How could one teenager's cock-and-bull story consume the attention of the press, state officials, and the general public for the better part of a year, wasting more than a million dollars in public funds in pursuit of a non-existent and always implausible racist cabal? The same way Janet Cooke's fictitious "Jimmy"—the eight-year-old heroin addict—could win a Pulitzer for investigative reporting: there's a ready market for these yarns of black "victims" of Our Society.

The credo of the progressives, taken from Walt Kelly's Pogo, is: "We have met the enemy, and he is us." No lie about the allegedly rotten core of Our Society—the West—is too great to be believed. "We" are all guilty. "We" have oppressed blacks, women, Indians, the Third World. "We" pose the threat to world peace.

Even a naïve black teenager can pick up on this theme and play a self-serving variation, knowing that the Sharptons will fly to her side. Her charges against American society found a favorable reception among the same classes who are generally willing to find excuses for the criminal, the pervert, the Sandinista tyrant—anyone who makes war on Our Society. This case exposes the structure of the really potent bigotries of our day. But the Brawley gang pressed its luck too far, and ultimately discredited the myth it was exploiting, thereby embarrassing and outraging its own ideological patrons.

Your Own Body?

ONCE UPON A TIME athletes started the day with Wheaties. Now they take stanozolol, with a little probenecid to mask it. Or maybe they snort coke, depending on whether they're trying to enhance performance or willing to impair it. Either way, they cheat the public and debase sport.

When Ben Johnson lost the Olympic gold medal, we were reminded again how commonplace drug abuse has become in big-time sports. The previous reminder had been New York Giants linebacker Lawrence Taylor's less-than-Draconian thirty-day suspension for an apparent relapse into his cocaine habit. It seemed perfectly in character for the NFL to offer to save Johnson from the ruin he'd earned, asking him, through one of his several agents, if he had any interest in a football career.

The drug epidemic can be laid to many things, but it owes some of its magnitude to the New Morality, whose central tenet is that what you do to your own body is strictly your own business. This idea presupposes drug consumption (or sexual activity, as the case may be) occurring under something like laboratory conditions—responsible adults conducting carefully monitored experiments on themselves in careful isolation from everyone else.

Of course, it doesn't work that way. These things have a contagious aspect, through both friendly peer pressure and less friendly competitive pressure. Johnson's willingness to sacrifice his long-term health for immediate victory could have induced other runners to make the same self-destructive choice. His disgrace will help protect all athletes, and the IOC deserves praise for inflicting it so decisively. If only other sports bodies would follow suit.

Weicker Watch

RING UP three endorsements for the only senator larger than the state he represents. The homosexual newspaper *Metroline* "whole-heartedly supports" the re-election of Lowell Weicker because "no senator has taken such a strong stand in support of gay issues than [*sic*] has Weicker. . . . His opponent, Attorney General Joseph Lieberman, has not shown the same sensitivity to gay issues. As a liberal Democrat, he could be expected (possibly) to support some gay and AIDS-related issues, but it would not be the same as having Weicker as an active champion."

The *Litchfield County Times* writes that Weicker has been named the second annual recipient of the "Wayne Morse Political Integrity Award" for refusing "to degrade the integrity of political life by pandering to the simple-minded behavior often demanded by the press."

Connecticut deep-thinker J. C. Elan, of Rowayton, writes, in a postcard to the President of BuckPac (Buckleys for Lieberman): "I am a lifelong Democrat, but I *can't wait* to vote for Lowell Weicker—just because you don't want me to."

Meanwhile, BuckPac gets support from *New York Daily News* columnist Gail Collins: "Weicker has an

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ego that spills out and sloshes all over the room. . . . The most famous fact about this contest so far is that William Buckley and all the other Connecticut Buckleys are supporting Lieberman, the liberal Democrat."

William V. Shannon, RIP

THE DISEASE of liberalism in our time resides in the fact that it has no enemies to the left. Anything goes—Castro, Ortega, Maurice Bishop, Angela Davis, Jesse Jackson, the Salvadoran guerrillas, and, well, you name it, we don't want to.

William V. Shannon, who died of lymphoma on September 27, at age 61, was not a liberal of that round-heeled sort. His roots were in an earlier liberalism that actually made distinctions, hated and despised totalitarianism, and was unabashedly patriotic. *NR* certainly disagreed with Mr. Shannon on various issues concerning the welfare state, but never on the basic issues of liberty.

Throughout his adult life, Mr. Shannon was a distinguished journalist, writing for the *New York Post* and later joining the editorial board of the *New York Times*. He was something of a professional Irishman, his most impressive book being *The American Irish* (1964), a fine account of that subculture. Perhaps Jimmy Carter's best appointment was Mr. Shannon as ambassador to Ireland in 1977, where he served with great distinction.

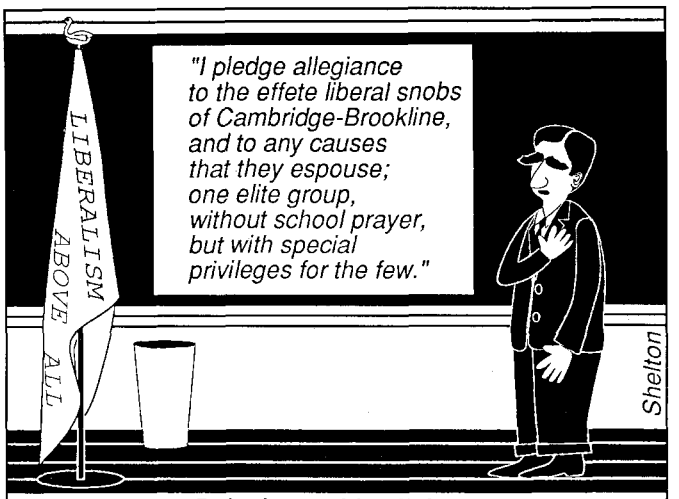
He wound up at Boston University, teaching courses in journalism and on the American Presidency. His last column, for the *Boston Globe*, was written a week before his death. He was a journalist of honor, and will be missed.

NOTES & ASIDES

RIP Reginald Stoops, 1925–1988

The following eulogy by WFB was one of three delivered at Trinity Episcopal Church in Newport, R.I., on September 16. Reginald Stoops served informally as a scientific advisor to NR.

"BUT HOW otherwise did you enjoy the evening, Mrs. Lincoln?" has become gallows humor. Even so, it was the line that came to mind on Wednesday morning when Christo called me and gave me the news. His second sentence—perhaps his training as a journalist prompted it—was, "It happened at 11:22." My eyes turned to a gaudy new chronometer sitting on my desk, guaranteed not to lose more than seven-


LIBERALISM ABOVE ALL
"I pledge allegiance to the effete liberal snobs of Cambridge-Brookline, and to any causes that they espouse; one elite group, without school prayer, but with special privileges for the few."
Shelton
Duke learns his pledge.

tenths of one second in one year. The exact time was 11:45.

Ten days ago I told Reggie that our navigational worries at sea over the exact time were ended, that whenever we set out to cross Long Island Sound —or Narragansett Bay—or the Atlantic Ocean—we would never again have to worry about exactly what time it was in Greenwich, England. He said that he longed to see the new clock—our studied fantasy about the months and years we would sail together after his freak illness never flagged in our thirty brief conversations during the past two months. I commented that no doubt he would insist on taking my chronometer apart and ridding it of that seven-tenths of one second annual problematic. I went on to ask him what his weight was today, and he said 137 pounds, which permitted me to say that we would have no further excuse for singling out Danny Merritt to go up to the masthead; and he laughed his gentle laugh, and said with that little hoarseness I was becoming used to, "I guess you're right. On the other hand"—his voice registered now a trace of curiosity—"they're giving me something to make me fatter, so don't count on it." I didn't count on it, because of course I knew; he by then knew it, and he knew that I knew it, and so it goes.

I knew it even back on the eve of his marriage, in June, as a few others did, who managed more successfully than I to internalize that knowledge. But on Wednesday, thinking back to Mrs. Lincoln, I forced myself to think not about what had happened at 11:22 on that morning, but about what happened during all the years I had known him. Was it one hundred nights or was it one thousand and one nights that we shared, in fine and awful circumstances, the cockpit of a boat, and I experienced the soft delights of his understated company? Oh yes, he could drive grown men to tears with the deliberateness of his reactions. Rehearsing an emergency drill, the second night of our Pacific crossing, Dick Clurman asked him where the lifesavers were stored. He reacted as if he

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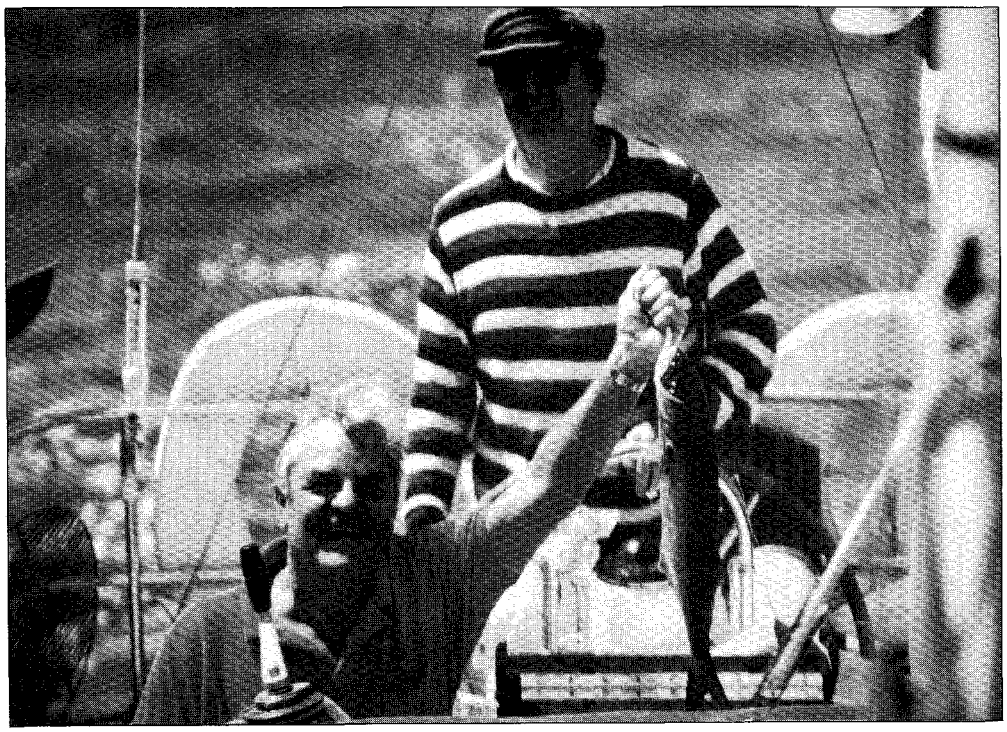
had been asked to give a brief definition of the Fourth Dimension. The pause, the slight clearing of the throat, the innocent look of a man accosted by an angular question: but followed by the exhilarating frankness of his innocent reply ("I'm not quite sure at this point"). In the book from which that passage comes, I quoted from Christopher's journal. He had written, a few days before we landed in New Guinea, "You find out on a trip like this who you can *absolutely* depend on. And really, the answer is, Pup and I agreed, that the person who is absolutely dependable in every situation is Reggie."



"We didn't mean"—I added in my book—"that anyone on board had ever broken the inflexible rule of interpersonal courtesy, merely that Reg is a critical mass of intelligence, good nature, and composure. He has never complained about anything." A year later, at a reunion of the crew, he presented us all with T-shirts on which the entire paragraph I have quoted was reproduced in DRINK COCA-COLA sized type.

"*He has never complained about anything*," I reminded myself on Wednesday, thinking back first on the pleasures he had got from life, and then of the pleasure he had given to everyone who experienced him.

But the climax was ahead of him, when those words were written, coinciding—providence can be that way: providence has its elfin ways—coinciding with the beginning of the last stages of his illness. Given the human predicament, one can only with dumb hesitation rail against the God Who, at one and the same time, took his life, but also gave him the supreme gift, the woman he married, who did more than all of science's opiates to make those three months endurable; to make that, paradoxically, a period of unparalleled happiness.

When finally I brought myself to visit him other than on the telephone, face to face, it was just before midnight Monday, and we embraced, after his very best friend, my son Christopher, had kissed him on the forehead. He pronounced my name and managed a smile. I looked at his fine face and thought back this time to another moment of great strain. It was mid March in 1957. The little dinghy in which we had set out to retrieve a duck blind a mile in front of my house on Long Island Sound had upset, and we realized, suddenly, that our lives hung on our ability to swim, in our heavy winter clothing, in freezing water, to a promontory a half mile away. For a full minute we could not judge whether we were making headway against the northerly wind, but we were. Gradually, painfully, we made progress. Fifty yards from land he looked at me and said, "Go ahead. I can't make it." I could not help him with my frozen hands, but I sang raucously to him, and I prayed with unfeigned imperiousness, ordering him to continue to beat his arms, however limply, against the waves. In five more minutes we were there, crawling on our stomachs to shelter.

What brought this to mind was the infinite dignity on his frozen countenance that afternoon, 31 years ago, which I saw again, on Monday night, on his pallid, skeletal face: struggling to live almost as a matter of good manners, but resigned to die; determined only that he would never complain, never let go that fierce dignity which he carried in good times and bad times, drunk or sober, exhausted or animated, in sickness and in health.

I had a bouncy friend who once managed a witticism. "When I get to St. Peter," he said, "I'm going to ask him to take me to the man who invented the dry martini. Because I just want to say, 'Thanks.'"

I am a Christian who, believing that our Redeemer lives, knows that one day I'll be once again in his company, on that endless journey in the peace he now enjoys. When that time comes for me, as for others here, I shan't forget to say, as in my prayers I have said so often during the last days, Thanks. Thanks for the long play that came before that fatal bullet struck him down. Thanks, everlastingly, for the memory, everlasting. **—WFB**

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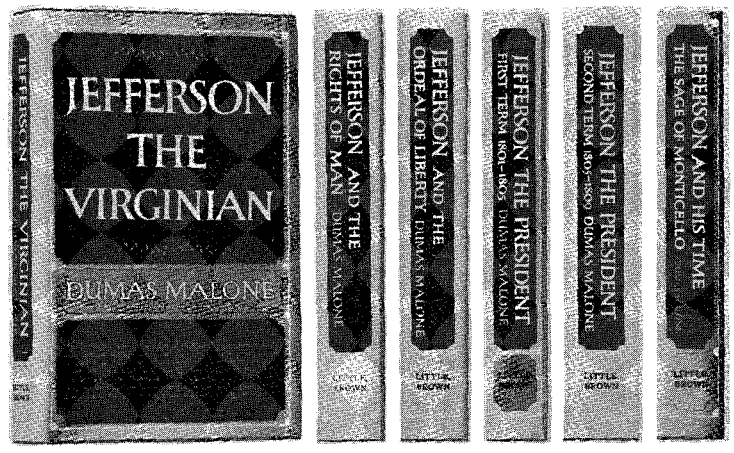

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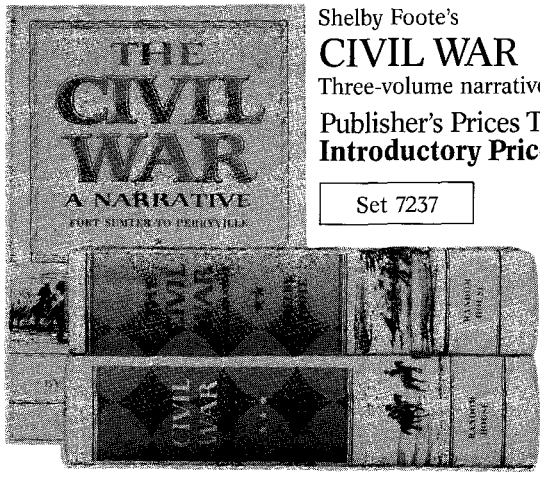

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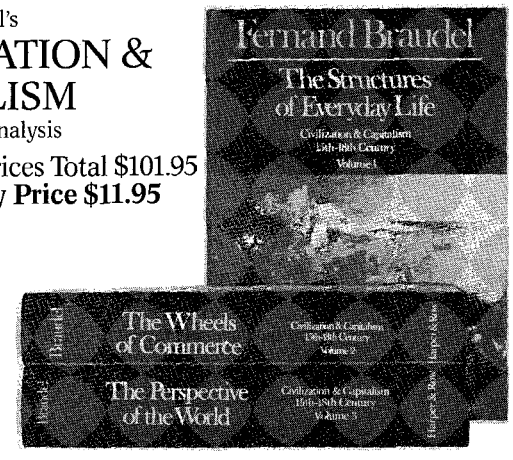

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WIMP THRASHES NERD

THE BEST SEAT in the house from which to watch a presidential debate is the one next to Anthony R. Dolan, chief speechwriter for the President. Dolan has been, these last eight years, the principal composer for the finest oratorical instrument of our time. He knows how words move people around, and he knows how people move words around. His comments on the first debate, synthesized here, lead me to predict with confidence that George Bush will win the second debate going away.

The rules of engagement with Dolan require me to state clearly when he is speaking and when, as is almost always the case, I am twisting his words into harsh and censorious distortion. With fannies thus covered, let's go to the videotape.

The first mistake. These were Dolan's words a beat after Michael Dukakis's first sentence, which was, "I agree with Mr. Bush." If he agrees with Mr. Bush, what's all the fuss about, ask Joe Sixpack and Joseph Perrier in unison. Dolan is reminded of Nixon's mistakes of ingratiation against Kennedy, those Heepish, lawyerly locutions designed to give the devil his due. As customary as they may be on the floor of Congress or before an academic audience, they have no place in a debate where differences are to be sharpened, not resolved. Any candidate will do best when he opens with, "Here's where I disagree with my opponent."

The gambit misfired. As predicted here, Sasso the Magnificent tried a daring, rhythm-breaking gambit in the opening minutes of the first debate. He had Dukakis turn to the camera and say with a steel-teeth grin that Bush was becoming the "Joe Isuzu of American politics." The intended effect was to incite a stammering, squeaky-voiced Bush to respond, "Are you calling me a liar?" Instead, Bush shrugged off the insult (in my own view, because Bush is one of the seven people left in America who have no idea who Joe Isuzu is). Sasso must have been astounded that his icepick drew so little blood. But he will be back at it next time.

Bush's long ball. In Dolan's view, there was gold in the ACLU hills. "The election may have been decided." Americans don't want their grandchildren appearing in X-rated movies, they don't want to shut off tax exemptions for the Catholic Church, and they don't want an elitist organization of lawyers telling them any different. Case closed.

The nerd vote is a lock. It takes a fine taxonomic touch to separate your nerds on the one hand from your wimps on the other. Bush seems to have blown the wimp vote in recent weeks by being an open, likable guy who is rising to meet his moment. One saw what we are coming to think of as the real Bush in a moment of spontaneity in the first debate: when Jim Lehrer got the clock bollixed, George Bush broke out of the format corral and showed a winning good humor. In that same moment, Dukakis tightened almost to the point of paralysis, timid to venture beyond the conversational zone marked "Issues." He is, it appears, just about what he was in first grade—the smartest little guy in the class—and you find yourself liking him now just about as much as you liked him then. (It is stipulated that senior White House official Dolan did not call Dukakis a nerd.)

Surprise. Dukakis wanted the campaign to be about competence rather than ideology. What else would you expect from a candidate who, when pressed about his apparent lack of passion, responds finally that he "cares deeply" about "people all over this country who in some cases are living from paycheck to paycheck"? The stunner is that Bush in the course of a single debate hit every ideological hot button of the last generation: Vietnam, the death penalty, ACLU, abortion, drugs, and the media. Bush is trying to drive the last nail into Sixties liberalism.

The omissions. Remarkable by their (relative) absence were references to: the Massachusetts miracle (Bush missed a bet by not slamming it, in Dolan's view); Dan Quayle (Dolan assumes that Dukakis will jack up the anti-Quayle rhetoric in round two); Jesse Jackson (*nobody* knows how to handle Jesse); the sleaze factor (Deaver had just been sentenced).

Curious inclusions. Time after time, Dukakis found his way back to Noriega, prompting Dolan to ask, "Is there any juice in that issue? They must have numbers that suggest that there is." Neither of us can believe that they do. The other curiosity is Bush undergirding his economic position by listing endorsements from worthies Boskin, Feldstein, and Tsongas. Dolan asks the television screen in disbelief, "Who told you to say that?" Conspiracy theories abound.

The bottom line (mine). In our times, most Americans experience presidential leadership only through the medium of television. The Presidency is, in that sense, the series that cannot be canceled. And while Americans may not take their politics very seriously, may not even stir their stumps to get out and vote, they take their television very seriously indeed. The average Home Using Television (HUT) in this country watches more than seven hours each and every day. That kind of exposure generates all manner of side effects, but one of them is that American viewers have become very demanding consumers of television images. My firm impressions are that, in a close election with no overriding issues, televised debates may well make the difference . . . and that the Nielsen family will not vote to give Michael Dukakis his own show. □

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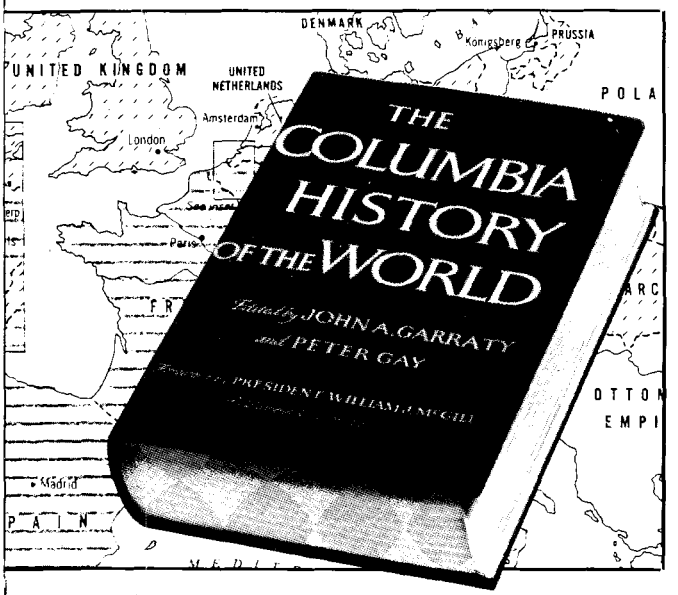

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TO SEE AS GOD SEES

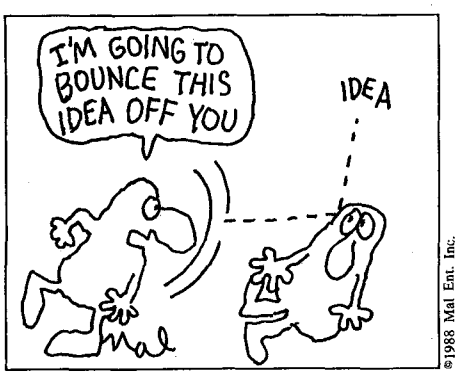
IN CURRENT religious thought there is much discussion about "post-liberalism." The term is subject to sundry interpretations and may turn out to be as rubbery and confused as the "liberalism" to which it is "post." Post-liberalism is given its most lucid definition by thinkers such as George Lindbeck and the late Hans Frei of Yale. Liberalism, says Lindbeck, is basically an "emotive/expressive" mode of religion in which it is assumed that different doctrines and stories are essentially expressing the same truths, only in different ways. Post-liberalism, then, is a recapturing of the importance of "cultural/linguistic traditions," of specific stories, communal memories, and even dogmas. Post-liberalism is suspicious of facile universalizations and is attached to particularities.

The advancement of the post-liberal argument is a most promising project. It underscores the importance of *ressourcement*, of returning to the sources, in order to revitalize distinctive traditions of interpretation and distinctive ways of construing reality. Much of contemporary religious thought, however, is still following in the footsteps of a liberalism that has its intellectual origins in nineteenth-century Protestantism, notably in post-Schleiermacher German thought. This is dramatically the case with "progressive" Evangelical thinkers and, if this writer's *The Catholic Moment* is right, with the dominant voices in the Roman Catholic theological establishment. While the most reflective thinkers are analyzing the ways in which it failed, that old liberalism continues to be attractive to others who understand progress as a process of being liberated from tradition and particularity. This attraction is not limited to Christian thinkers.

"My Memory Fails Me" is the heading of a message from Jewish Theological Seminary (JTS) in New York, printed as a full-page advertisement in the *New York Times*. The point of the message is that the distinctive memories, myths, and dogmas of a tradition are confining. We are, JTS says, carrying around "years of slanted, narrow memories" that distort our vision. "What we need to do is let some of them go." We should "crack the dogma, peel away the mythology, and trade memories." We should listen to one another. "Maybe [we] ought to try seeing as God sees, from all the angles."

It is hard to oppose the claim that we should listen to one another. It is equally hard, however, to suppose that we have much to say to one another unless we have each internalized the tradition that distinguishes our contribution to the conversation. The vaulting universalism of the JTS message seems both quaint and naïve. JTS says "this message conveys the essence of our developing religious tradition." When the representatives of a tradition begin to talk about the "essence" of that tradition, they are almost surely on the way to abandoning it. So nineteenth-century liberalism spoke about "the essence of Christianity" on the way to liberating itself from the awkward particularities of the historical reality that is Christianity.

The late Abraham Joshua Heschel, once the chief luminary of JTS, was fond of telling the story of the woman who had problems participating in the synagogue service. "The service doesn't say what I mean," she complained to the rabbi. The wise rabbi responded, "Madam, I am afraid you have it backward. The important thing is not that the service says what you mean. The important thing is that you mean what the service says." The JTS message on "our developing religious tradition" also seems to have it backward. The suggestion that there is available to any of us a perspective that is universal, historically unconditioned, and all-comprehensive is touchingly ingenuous. Those who "try seeing as God sees" have indeed suffered a failure of memory. Contra the JTS message, it is not the memory that fails us but we who fail the memory. The communal memory is clear enough: "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts," says the Lord (Isaiah 55:9).



THOSE WHO think they can see as God sees are in fact looking through the spectacles of the very particular, and now discredited, tradition of religious liberalism. To say that that tradition is discredited does not mean that it is dead. It has a powerful appeal for those who are embarrassed by their particularity. It also appeals to those who have honestly concluded that their own tradition is not rich or varied or strong enough to make sense of the truth they have encountered in other traditions. And it appeals to people who do not know how to cope with pluralism. Their response to pluralism is an attempt to transcend the particular in order to embrace the universal. But that response to pluralism is a denial of pluralism. It results in a monism of indifference, of pretending that our deepest differences make no difference. Genuine pluralism is the vibrant engagement of differences, in the confidence that we are ultimately bound together by the One Who alone sees as God sees. Namely God. □

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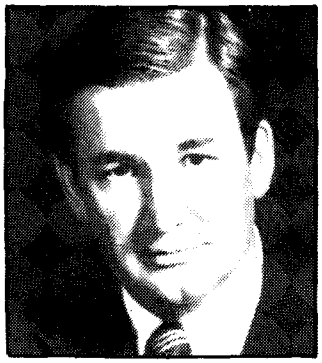

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HAS ANYONE SEEN THE REAGAN DOCTRINE?

STATE'S ANGOLA SELLOUT

CONSTANTINE C. MENGES

In October 1984 the State Department attempted, just before the presidential election in this country, to bring about a Central American political settlement that would have had a damaging effect on fundamental U.S. interests. Using the understandable desire of some elements in the White House for an election-eve "peace breakthrough," State wrote up a sixty-page treaty and—without any National Security Council debate or any decision by the President and his foreign-policy cabinet—tried to get the Central American countries to accept it.

Fortunately, three members of the foreign-policy cabinet (Caspar Weinberger, William Casey, and Jeane Kirkpatrick) found out about the plan, judged that the draft treaty was contrary to President Reagan's repeated policy decisions, and brought the matter to his attention. (This episode is described fully in my new book, *Inside the National Security Council.*) When Reagan was given the facts, he immediately put a stop to the intended "election-eve surprise." Will he do the same in 1988 if, as seems all too likely, it is tried in relation to southern Africa—or, once again, in Central America?

The 1988 Reagan-Gorbachev Summit in Moscow produced a communiqué suggesting that if all went well, an agreement on Angola and Namibia could be signed by September 29, 1988. Following the Summit, the State Department mediated six rounds of talks between South Africa and the Communist regimes of Angola and Cuba. There was a Soviet observer present at these talks, but the Angolan UNITA (United National Union for the Total Independence of Angola) freedom-fighters were excluded. The result so far is movement toward an agreement which, while presenting the superficial appearance of progress, greatly improves the Communist position, threatens our allies, and makes the prospect of real peace in southern Africa increasingly remote.

On August 8 the negotiators announced an immediate ceasefire between South Africa and the Angolan regime, to which the Marxist-Leninist insurgent group SWAPO (South West Africa People's Organization) in Namibia also subscribed on September 1. In line with the accord, on August 30 South Africa removed the last of its nearly three thousand troops from Angola. Cuba and Angola then proposed a three-year withdrawal timetable for Cuban troops, though at the same time Cuba sent thousands of additional troops into Angola, bringing its total force there to more than sixty thousand. Freedom-fighter Jonas Savimbi, the head of UNITA, now expects a Cuban-led military attack against his main base in Jamba.

Furthermore, official Cuban spokesmen have said "Cuba does not rule out the possibility" of its troops operating in Namibia. Some have suggested that this is just Castro threatening on his own; but in fact, the new buildup of Cuban combat troops in Angola could not have been accomplished had the Soviet Union not provided the transport, weapons, tactical intelligence, and authorization. And last month, a Soviet spokesman departed from previous soothing assurances and explicitly stated Soviet agreement with Castro's objective—that the Communist government of Angola continue in power and that UNITA be defeated one way or another. As in Afghanistan, the Soviet objective is to use defective political settlements as one instrument to defeat the anti-Communist resistance movements.

Hardly surprisingly, Savimbi criticized the diplomatic process in a little-noticed press conference on September 3, in which he accused U.S. Assistant Secretary of State Chester Crocker of working in defense of Communist interests and against those of America's own allies. Savimbi said that Crocker, who has mediated the ongoing diplomatic talks, was "playing into the hands of my . . . enemies." He went on to ask, "Is Mr. Crocker trying to dig graves for his friends?" The resistance leader also revealed that State had tried to pressure him into acquiescing in the Cubans' proposal that their troop withdrawal would be spread out over three years. In early October a Soviet diplomat asserted that Crocker had promised Moscow that the U.S. could persuade South Africa to go along with a three-year Cuban withdrawal.

Despite Savimbi's opposition, the U.S. State Department continues to press forward. Regardless of the uncertainty of Cuba's troop withdrawal, State still expects the UN process for Namibian independence to begin on November 1. According to the current plan, South Africa would have withdrawn all but 1,500 troops from Namibia by February 1, and the remainder would be removed by June 1. UN-monitored elections would then be held in Namibia.

Mr. Menges, a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, served from 1983 to 1986 as Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs. His book Inside the National Security Council *is just out from Simon and Schuster.*

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What are the probable results of the principles and agreements announced to date?

The first phase of South Africa's departure from Angola and the UN-supervised elections in Namibia will probably lead to SWAPO's taking power in Namibia, resulting in a pro-Soviet dictatorship like the one in Angola. SWAPO has consistently refused to test its popular support by participating in elections for constituent and territorial legislative assemblies. Instead, it has made widespread use of intimidation and terrorism to silence Namibians who would prefer a multiracial democracy.

What would a SWAPO regime be like? During the 1970s SWAPO expelled moderate leaders and forged close ties with the Soviet bloc and Cuba. The shift toward the Marxist-Leninist domination of SWAPO was clearly evident in its 1976 political program, which, in wearisomely familiar phrases, resolved to "unite all Namibian people, particularly the working class, the peasantry, and progressive intellectuals, into a vanguard party . . . based on the ideals and principles of scientific socialism" and to "ensure that all the major means of production and exchange . . . are [in the] ownership of the people."

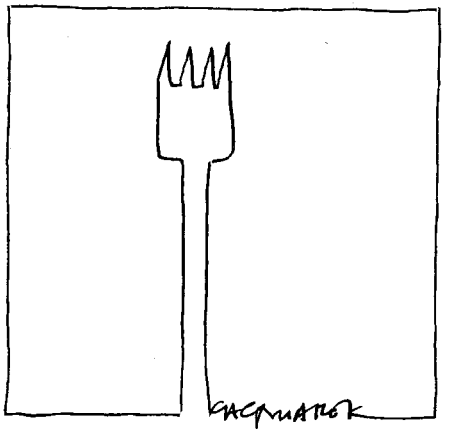
SWAPO's leader, Sam Nujoma, has remained personally close to the Soviets. In a speech to the 26th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, held in March 1981, he praised Brezhnev as "a devoted, staunch fighter for peace, détente, freedom, and human dignity of all the world's people." He continued: "The Soviet Union is giving comprehensive support to the people of Namibia." As indeed it is, including more than a decade of political legitimation directly and through Soviet fronts, the supply of weapons, and intensive training in military and political warfare for large numbers of SWAPO personnel. The U.S. Government estimates that 90 per cent of SWAPO's military supplies come from the Soviet Union and its allies.

As it has done for the PLO, the United Nations General Assembly has given SWAPO its political endorsement as the "sole, authentic representative" of its people, along with tens of millions of dollars in propaganda and economic aid. Therefore, SWAPO is virtually certain to win a UN-supervised election in Namibia. (Ironically, Chester Crocker wrote in early 1981 that in legitimizing SWAPO the United Nations had "set a frightful precedent . . . that makes a mockery of democratic principles and procedures.")

A SWAPO-controlled Namibia is likely to cooperate fully (although perhaps secretly) with the Communist MPLA (Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola) regime in Angola and perhaps even to permit Soviet-bloc personnel to use Namibia as a base for cutting off external aid to UNITA. (Namibia, after UNITA has been neutralized, could then be used for training ANC [African National Congress] cadres to attack South Africa.) Cuban or Angolan troops and perhaps destabilization pressures could be used against any bases in Zaire or elsewhere from which UNITA is receiving help.

The United Nations is scheduled to begin deploying its 7,500 troops in Namibia on November 1 and to have them all in place by February 1. SWAPO will doubtless use these months to infiltrate its estimated eight thousand armed personnel, as well as its political cadres, into Namibia. Once South African troops have withdrawn and the UN and SWAPO forces have taken their place, it is highly unlikely that any contingency would lead South Africa to retake control of Namibia. Would South African forces initiate combat against UN troops, many of whom might be from Western European countries? Almost certainly not. So the agreement establishes for South Africa an international obligation that will be virtually irreversible by February 1, 1989.

In contrast, the Angolan and Cuban Communist governments have made it clear—and this is stated in the "14 principles" agreed upon last July to govern the settlement—that the issue of a Cuban troop withdrawal will be *based solely on a bilateral accord between themselves, and that it bears no connection with Namibia.* In August, indeed, they rejected South Africa's proposal that all Cuban troops be out of Angola by June 1, 1989 (when the Namibian election is expected).



Fork in the road.

Even if the Communist side were to propose a timetable acceptable to South Africa, there would be no way to enforce it if Angola and Cuba subsequently changed their views. Once SWAPO controls Namibia, the continued presence of UNITA in Angola could then be used as a pretext for ignoring or evading whatever commitments had been made about Cuban troop withdrawals from Angola. The likely result of this defective diplomatic settlement will be pro-Soviet regimes in Namibia and Angola, with UNITA isolated and weakened. The regimes would sharply increase Communist help to the ANC, which might ultimately result in violent upheavals leading to Communist control over all of southern Africa.

MIGHT THERE still be a chance for a positive political settlement? With Savimbi no longer trusting the U.S. State Department and Republican supporters of President Reagan in Congress alerting him to the impending danger—just possibly. Savimbi's concerns probably explain why President Mobuto of Zaire is already trying to convene a number of moderate African states in order to bring about a political settlement in Angola.

On September 19, Savimbi sent a letter to President Reagan telling him that a "new military offensive . . . with Soviet and Cuban assistance" was being launched by the Communist Angolan government and that they "are attempting to use the current quadripartite negotiations as a means to isolate UNITA." The letter also warned that the State Department's actions have led many African governments that were supporting UNITA into "growing uncertainty about the intentions of the United States." Savimbi asks Reagan to "communicate directly to the African heads of state involved your Administration's strong commitment to continue support for UNITA . . . and free elections in Angola."

Reagan can and should do this. He

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'We Will Still Fight'

THEY TELL ME Rosario died of shrapnel wounds. He actually died of an overdose of trust in the United States.

Rosario was a company commander with the Contras. He died in late March, when the Sandinistas roared through Contra base camps in northern Nicaragua.

The first morning I spent in his camp, Rosario came over to introduce himself. "Three years ago," he said, "the Sandinistas came to my parents' home in León. I was away at work. They hauled off my younger brother in their military draft. I packed my bags that night, and headed east. Two days later, I met up with some of the *muchachos* [the Contras' name for themselves]. Three days later, I had a gun."

He shouldered his AK-47, and ordered his men out. There were twenty of them. Normally, on this sort of patrol, the *muchachos* would be away from the camp for several days at a time. But for the benefit of the *yanqui periodistas*, this time, each patrol would last only ten hours.

It was still a rough three days: sweat pouring from your head so heavily that, without a bandana headband, you were quickly blinded; numbing fatigue from marching, stopping, listening, and then marching again; the leaden feeling in your stomach that, around the next turn, there might be Sandinista soldiers.

As we headed to the base camp at the end of the third day, Rosario wanted to show off the new guns American aid had paid for. A group (platoon? company? gaggle?) of fat iguanas waddled under some nearby brush. Rosario stormed in after them. With his weapon switched onto semi-automatic, he cut loose, and emerged lugging three of the lizards.

He threw one at my feet. "*Comer*," he said. To eat. I wondered what the word was for "to gag." The flaccid, green lizards were hauled back to camp, skinned, gutted, boiled (at my insistence), and cooked over the fire. Thoughts of amoebic dysentery took my mind off the taste—something like a bicycle tire basted with transmission fluid.

As we munched iguana, Rosario sat on a rotting log and talked. I asked him about the then-unfolding Iran-Contra affair in Washington. He knew something of it, from shortwave radio newscasts. "Where are all these millions of dollars we were supposed to have?" he asked. "We have food and weapons, but no money. I understand many in your Congress say we are mercenaries. How can that be so? Mercenaries are paid to fight.

"In 1984, when the American Congress cut off our aid, my *muchachos* and I had no shoes. We tied rags around our feet, or went barefoot. We had five rounds of ammunition per man per day. We ate one meal every other day. I do not think a mercenary would fight for wages like those."

What about charges you are nothing but Somocistas—former members of the vicious National Guard controlled by dictator Anastasio Somoza? "I was 18 years old when the Sandinistas came to power. I was not in the Guard. I was a worker, the son of a worker. And I am *el hombre viejo*—the old man of my *muchachos*." It was true. He was 26; the rest of the platoon was anywhere from 23 to 14, making them anywhere from 15 to six when the Sandinistas drove into Managua in 1979. It was hard to picture them as Somocistas.

Rosario sighed. "I am tired. I have been shot, and shot at. I have almost drowned twice. I have not seen my family in three years. I have gone hungry, without ammunition. I am very tired."

There was silence for about five minutes: then Rosario spoke again, slowly, deliberately. "You are a journalist. You will carry my words back to the United States, so I want to make myself clear.

"We will continue to fight here. We are all tired, we all want to go home. But we will continue to fight. There is much worth fighting for. For the freedom to go to church, for the freedom to own your own properties, for the freedom to say what you want without the Sandinistas throwing you in jail.

"We have traded Somoza for the Sandinistas. We threw out Somoza. We must throw out Ortega and his crowd. The United States has promised to help us. Some Resistance people say you cannot trust the United States, that the *yanquis* will abandon us when it suits them.

"I do not believe that. We are not the South Vietnamese. We are not the Cubans on the beach at the Bay of Pigs. I do not think the United States will abandon us. But even if it does, we will still fight."

The next morning, the journalists in our group prepared to trek back to the Bocay River, back to warm showers, hot food, and cold beer. Rosario shook my hand. "Come back after the war," he said. "I will buy you a beer in León, and we can visit my family."

Rosario was wrong about that. He died in the humidity of Jinotega province, his chest cut to pieces, I'm told, by fragments from Sandinista mortars.

Rosario may have been wrong about the United States, too. In its latest policy swing, Congress cut off aid to the *muchachos* a few weeks after Rosario's death, to give the Central American "peace plan" a chance to work.

Maybe the peace plan will eventually bring peace. Maybe the Sandinistas will make democratic reforms, and the Contras will lay down their arms. Maybe other commandos will be able to go home, unlike Rosario. Or maybe the plan will fail. Maybe the Sandinistas will mount a major offensive to wipe out the Contras, knowing that American military aid has been cut off.

None of this matters, of course, to Rosario. He died thinking the United States would never desert him, or his men, or his cause. Only time will tell whether he died believing a lie.

—CHARLES D. JACO

Mr. Jaco has covered Latin America as a radio correspondent for nine years.

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should then direct his State Department to seek a genuine settlement which would have the following elements and sequence: 1) UNITA would participate fully in the negotiations, which would be based on restoring the 1975 Alvor agreement; that agreement called upon Portugal and the three armed independence movements in Angola each to provide an equal number of troops to back an interim government, which would supervise fair elections for a new independent government. (The Alvor agreement was immediately broken by the Communist side.) 2) Genuine democracies (not the UN) would provide a neutral buffer and an election-monitoring presence; *all* Cubans would leave; and then UNITA would compete with the MPLA in free elections. 3) Genuine democracies (again, not the UN) would provide both a buffer force and monitoring units for Namibian elections, which would be held after all South African forces had departed.

There would then be the prospect of two free, independent states on the west coast of southern Africa and a greater possibility for peaceful transition to multi-racial democracy in South Africa itself. The U.S. cannot guarantee that result. But we should not aim at anything less. □

RIDDLES OF MOZAMBIQUE

BRIAN CROZIER

MOZAMBIQUE remains perhaps the ultimate example of the wrong-headedness of Western diplomatic bureaucracies—although even in this context, was it really necessary for Britain's foreign secretary, Sir Geoffrey Howe, to abase himself by giving the clenched-fist salute on his visit there the other day?

A little history is in order. The Front for the Liberation of Mozambique (Frelimo) was set up in 1962 and went into revolt against Portuguese rule two years later. The original Frelimo leader, Eduardo Mondlane, was murdered in Dar-es-Salaam in 1969, and Moscow's man, Samora Machel, took over the following year.

A hard-line Communist, Machel had been trained in the USSR and Algeria. A number of his colleagues had been members of Portugal's unconditionally Moscow-line Communist Party. Moreover, Frelimo's terrorists/guerrillas were trained in Soviet camps—as indeed were the MPLA's forces in the other major Portuguese African colony, Angola.

When the post-Salazar regime in Portugal was overthrown in April 1974, the Soviets moved fast to ensure the victory of their surrogates in both colonies. The main beneficiary of the massive Soviet airlift of Cuban forces to Africa was Angola, but Mozambique had its share. In both places, the advent to power of Moscow's nominees was a major strategic victory for the Soviet leadership.

Despite this well-authenticated background, the British and American governments are supporting and assisting the Frelimo regime in Mozambique, and lose no opportunity to vilify the anti-Communist Mozambican National Resistance (Renamo). The rationale for this policy is bizarre. It was restated the other day by a Mr. David Harris, a junior parliamentary spokesman for Sir Geoffrey, in a letter in the London *Sunday Telegraph*.

Mr. Harris repeated the official line, which, basically, is that if we are nice to the Frelimo regime, it will come over to the Western side; as for Renamo, it's just a bunch of bandits. The State Department's line, essentially, is the same. In April, State issued a highly tendentious report on Renamo, accusing it of large-scale atrocities, including the massacre of innocent villagers.

Being nice to Frelimo means (in the case of Britain) arming and training its forces in neighboring Zimbabwe; and (in the case of the United States) providing economic aid and political support.

One of the strangest aspects of the Mozambique affair is the degree to which Prime Minister Thatcher and President Reagan have adopted the Foreign Office and State Department line. The late President Machel was honored by a state visit to London. His death in a mysterious plane crash offered an obvious opportunity for a change of course. But no: his successor, President Chissano, has been similarly honored. It is as though the Soviet puppet in Afghanistan, Najibullah, were invited to London on a state visit, and the British were to have trained the Soviet-backed Afghan forces to fight the *mujahedin*.

There is no example of persuading a Communist leader to bring a regime into the Western camp by aid programs and official adulation. Tito defied Stalin, but Yugoslavia didn't join NATO. Nor did Mao.

Why, as a matter of interest, does the Frelimo regime *need* Western and other outside aid? Already, there are fifteen thousand Zimbabweans fighting for Frelimo, plus ten thousand Tanzanians, five thousand Soviet-bloc "advisors," three thousand Zambians, three hundred Malawians, and sundry mercenaries. And still they are losing the war!

On the Resistance side, it is worth pointing out that the State Department ignored Renamo's invitation to visit the zones it has liberated, or even to meet its representatives on neutral territory. Nor are Renamo's successes attributable to South African aid. For some years, Pretoria did support Renamo. In 1984, it ceased to do so, and indeed now has a good relationship with Maputo.

A PARTICULARLY unsavory incident was the abduction and murder of Renamo's roving ambassador, Evo Fernandes, last April. Fernandes, 44, was a Mozambican Indian, educated in Portugal. I had a long talk with him in London three years ago and was much impressed by his intelligence and personality.

Fernandes was approached on April 17 by a Frelimo contact, who convinced him that high-ranking Frelimo officials, passing through Lisbon, wanted to meet him and discuss a peace settlement. Fernandes then vanished. His bullet-riddled body, found nearby on April 21, showed clear signs of torture.

Inquiries by Portuguese Military Intelligence (DINFO) and Civilian Intelli-

(Continues on page 58)

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The American 'consensus' on abortion depends heavily on the public's not knowing what is in Roe v. Wade. *If the full impact of that decision can be brought to light, the Left's position will unravel.*

How to Roll Back Roe

HADLEY ARKES

IT WAS CONFIRMED AGAIN, during the controversy over Robert Bork, that abortion remains a potent issue in our politics, even when there is an attempt to mute or conceal it. Just what use is made of this issue in any given campaign may depend on how the political managers read two conflicting strands of evidence drawn from surveys of opinion. On the one hand, the polls show a lingering reluctance on the part of the public to challenge the decision of the Supreme Court in *Roe* v. *Wade* (1973), the decision that articulated a "right to an abortion." The disposition of the public seems so stable on this point that one editorial writer for the *New York Times* was moved to observe that the question of abortion has now been "settled."

On the other hand, the surveys have shown that the public has been quite as stable, since the 1970s, in its hostility to everything that was licensed by the Supreme Court in *Roe* v. *Wade*. The most plausible explanation for this conflict is that most people are serenely unaware of what *Roe* v. *Wade* actually established.

Most people believe that human life begins at conception, not at the fourth or seventh month of pregnancy (and on that point, women are clearer in their recognitions, firmer in their convictions, than men). Equally, most people are opposed to "elective" abortions that are chosen for less than grave or weighty reasons. They think that an abortion would be justified if the life of the mother were endangered, and most of the public is willing to offer a large allowance for abortion in cases of rape and incest. But most people do not think that an abortion would be justified when the arrival of a child would be merely inconvenient, embarrassing, or even financially straining. They reject the notion of abortions performed beyond the first three months of pregnancy. And they think that a woman should consult the father before a decision is made to abort the child. In one notable survey, sponsored by a researcher who was pro-abortion, 58 per cent of women under the age of 45 rejected the notion that "a woman should be allowed to have an abortion if her husband opposes it."

But these positions are all at odds with the laws that have been fashioned now by the courts. Under *Roe* v. *Wade* and its companion case of *Doe* v. *Bolton*, a pregnant woman is given a right that overrides any other interest of the law in protecting the lives of unborn children, *at any stage of the pregnancy*. An abortion may be ordered by a woman, for any reason she regards as sufficient, without the need to consult the father; it may be ordered throughout the nine months of the pregnancy—and even beyond: in one case, a federal judge denied that there was any obligation to save a child who had been treated as a patient for twenty days after surviving an abortion; since the mother had not wanted the child, the judge now reasoned that the child was not "viable." In this spirit, the courts have struck down virtually every attempt to impose restrictions on abortion if those restrictions were animated by a concern to protect the child.

THAT THE PUBLIC should be uninformed on these cardinal points is not surprising. I have found professors and deans at some of our most prestigious law schools who were incredulous upon being told just how sweeping and radical are the current laws on abortion. All that most of these lawyers know of this subject is what they read in the *New York Times*, and it was not until very recently that the *Times* ceased to report, as a standard line, that the right to abortion was confined to the first three months of pregnancy. But the dimness of public understanding is preserved in the surveys through the simple expedient of not bringing the two sets of questions together: the surveys that gauge the willingness of the public to change the law usually neglect to explain, with any accuracy or precision, just what *Roe* v. *Wade* had established. In some cases, the polls have helped to spread the misunderstanding: even the Gallup poll once sought to conduct a survey after informing its respondents, wrongly, that the Supreme Court had established the right of a woman "to end a pregnancy at any time during the first three months of pregnancy." The irony, then, is that the facts would come as dramatic news to most of the public.

It would produce a series of modest shocks for the public to learn a) that the United States has the most radical laws on abortion in the West, and b) that Michael Dukakis has been in advance of the Supreme Court in his

Mr. Arkes is the Edward Ney Professor of Jurisprudence at Amherst College.

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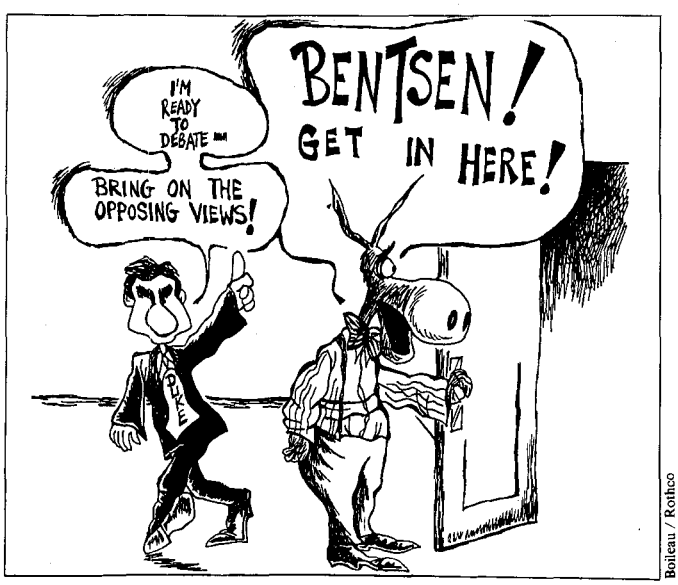
eagerness to extend the practice of abortion, not merely as a "private choice," but as a "public good."

As a legislator in Massachusetts, Michael Dukakis sought to remove the laws on abortion even before *Roe* v. *Wade*. As governor, he quickly passed the one point of hesitation shown by the Court, on the public funding of abortions. On this point, the Court has been willing at least to honor the logic of its position that abortion is a matter, irreducibly, of "private choice": if the public at large has no interest that justifies its interference in a "private choice," then neither is the public obliged to support abortions as a "public good," with money extracted through taxation. But as governor, Dukakis was willing to put other parts of his budget at risk by vetoing appropriation bills that sought to withhold the public funding of abortions. On this matter, Dukakis would make himself a novelty even as a Democratic President: in 1980, Jimmy Carter disavowed the Democratic platform's commitment to support the public funding of abortions.

Since Dukakis has identified himself with the most advanced position in support of abortion, it is remarkable that there is no record of any position he took on the recent Civil Rights Restoration Act. It is, in fact, more than remarkable: the omission is as striking as that of the dog in the Sherlock Holmes story, the dog that didn't bark in the night. The Civil Rights Restoration Act was stalled for four years over the question of abortion. It was finally passed during the season of the presidential primaries; and yet Michael Dukakis managed to preserve his silence on the issue that blocked this bill for so many years.

The curious movement for this bill had sprung up in 1984, in response to the case of Grove City College in Pennsylvania. This small college had made it a point of policy and pride to accept no direct assistance from the Federal Government. But some students at the college received loans from the government, and on that basis alone, the Department of Education insisted that the school file an Assurance of Compliance with federal regulations. The college averred that it had never discriminated on the basis of sex or race in any of its programs, and as a matter of principle, it refused to file such an affidavit.



The Supreme Court eventually upheld the Department of Education, but the Court added this one, critical limitation: as the judges read the law, the statutes required no remedy more drastic than the removal of federal funds from the program that was not in compliance with the federal regulations. If the college refused to file an affidavit of compliance over the loans made to students, then the government might refuse to provide further loans. But Justice White concluded, for the Court, that the government would not be warranted in removing funds from any other programs of the college.

The reading of the law would of course diminish the weight of the club that was in the hands of the federal authorities. For that reason, a movement arose almost instantly in Congress to amend the statutes. Hence, the Civil Rights Restoration Act. The very title of the bill carried a false premise, for there was no evident record of any rights that had been removed or reduced—and which therefore needed to be "restored." Instead, the new measure seemed to promise an expansion of "rights" through the expansion of federal power. The movement for this legislation drew astonishing support within Congress, and the bill seemed to be heading for a speedy passage—until it ran into the problem of abortion. Or to put it differently, the implications of the bill as regarded abortion were suddenly brought home to congressmen in a chilling way.

With the Civil Rights Restoration Act, this sobering prospect arose: If any students at a Catholic university received loans from the Federal Government, then the federal regulations on civil rights would apply to all parts of the university, including the university hospital. And under these regulations, the refusal to perform abortions, or even to cover abortions in the university medical plan, would be regarded as discrimination based on sex.

The argument on discrimination ran in this way: The refusal to perform or fund abortions marked a withdrawal of support from operations that were performed solely on women—and thus, in this construal, a violation of the principle of "equal treatment" in the law. Of course, that principle—contained in the Equal Protection Clause of the Constitution—was emphatically present in the proposed Equal Rights Amendment. And yet, the connection between abortion and the "equality" of gender had actually been disclaimed in the 1970s by the writers who had sought to make the most thorough case for the Equal Rights Amendment. In one noted article in 1971, in the *Yale Law Review*, Ann Freedman, Thomas Emerson, and their coauthors denied that all laws had to apply to both sexes. A law regulating the sale of sperm could still be constitutional, even though its restrictions were placed wholly on males. The laws on rape are usually cast in terms that make them apply almost entirely to men. The crime of sexual assault constituted by "penetration" is evidently a wrong that men are uniquely situated to commit. Still, it is not unconstitutional for the laws to prosecute a wrong that can be committed only by members of one sex.

The same reasoning would apply, without strain, to the matter of abortion. The pivotal question is whether there is something unjustified in taking the lives of unborn children. If there is, then the nature of the wrong is hardly effaced by the showing that women are uniquely situated to perform it.

This would seem to be an exercise in the rudiments of

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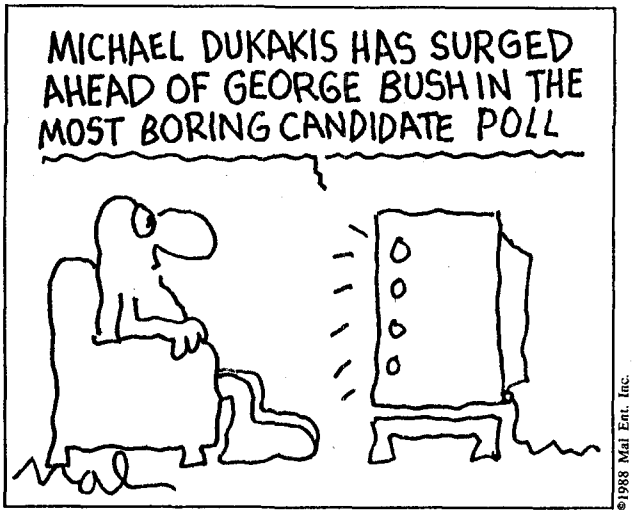
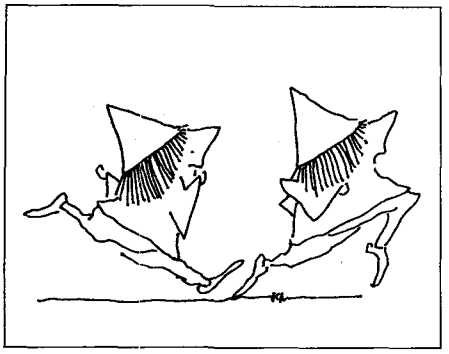
help !!!!



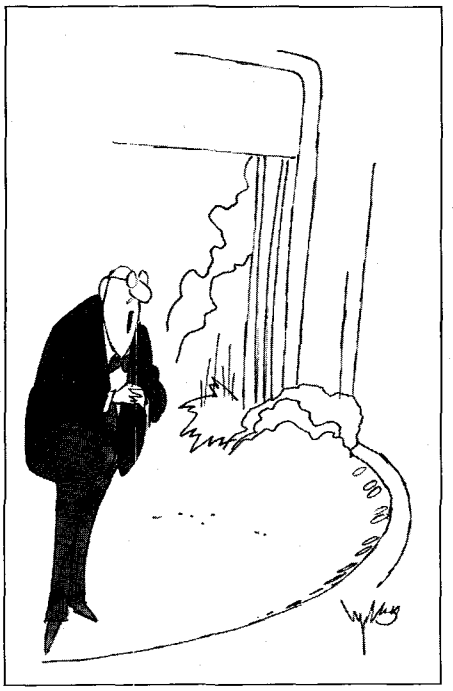


"Are you sure the presidential race isn't an Olympic event?"

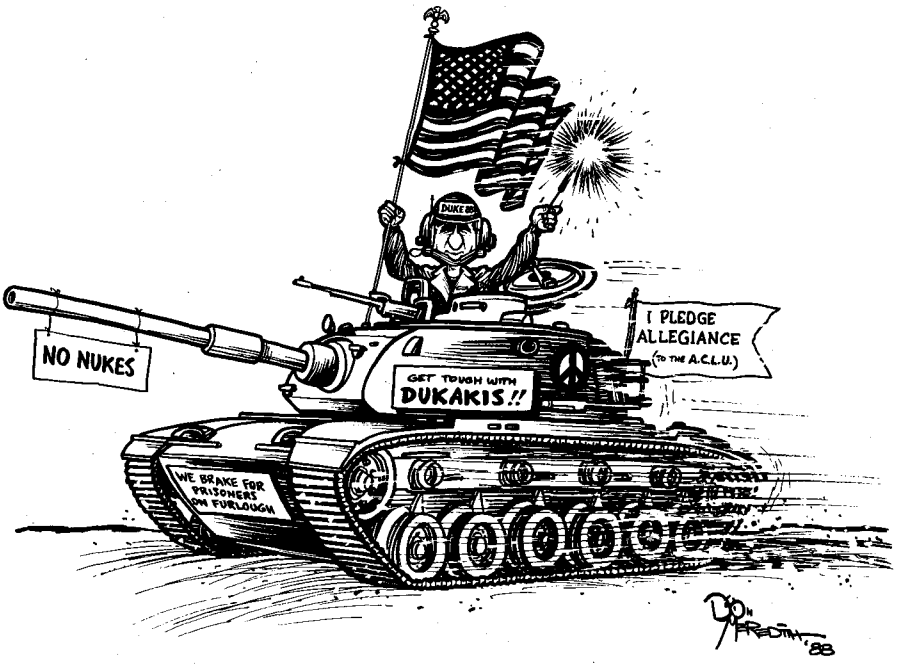
Strictly among Ourselves

Dan Quayle, God bless him, gave it to
The journalists, who had to chew
On crow until their molars hurt,
But though each got his just desert,
I find I tend to pray a lot
That Mr. Bush is never shot.

W. H. von Dreele



"The part of Antonio in tonight's ballet will be played by a computer-controlled robot whose Servo-mechanized tours jetés *will take your breath away."*



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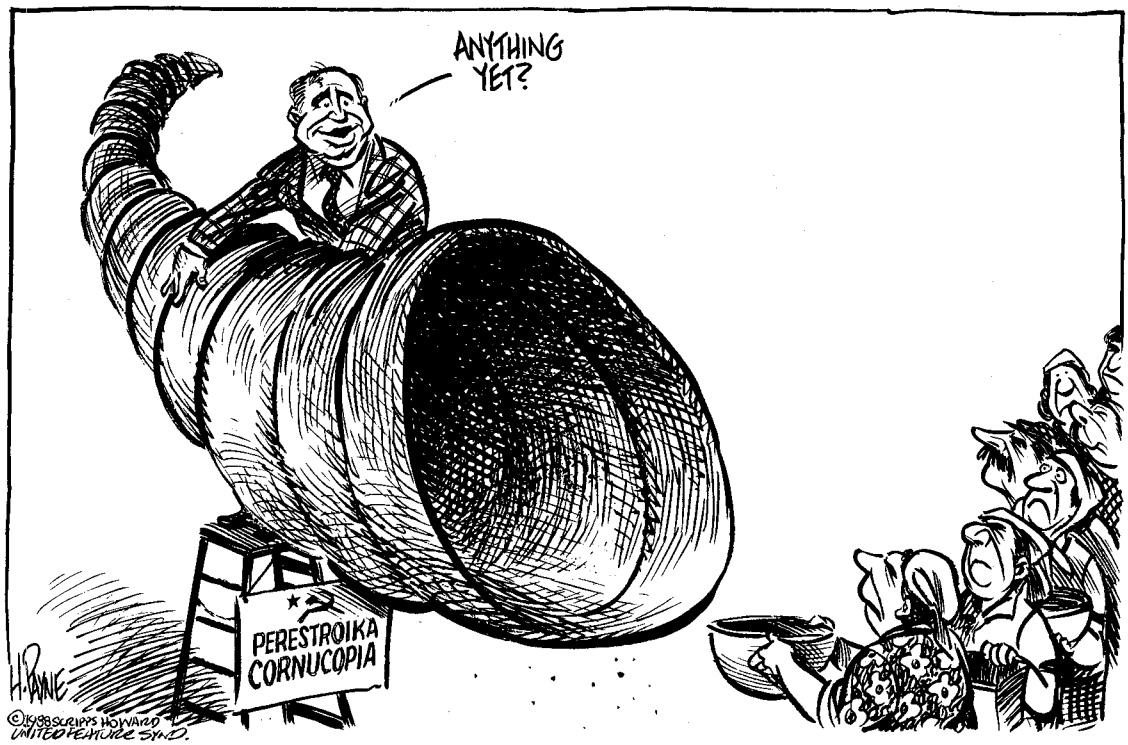

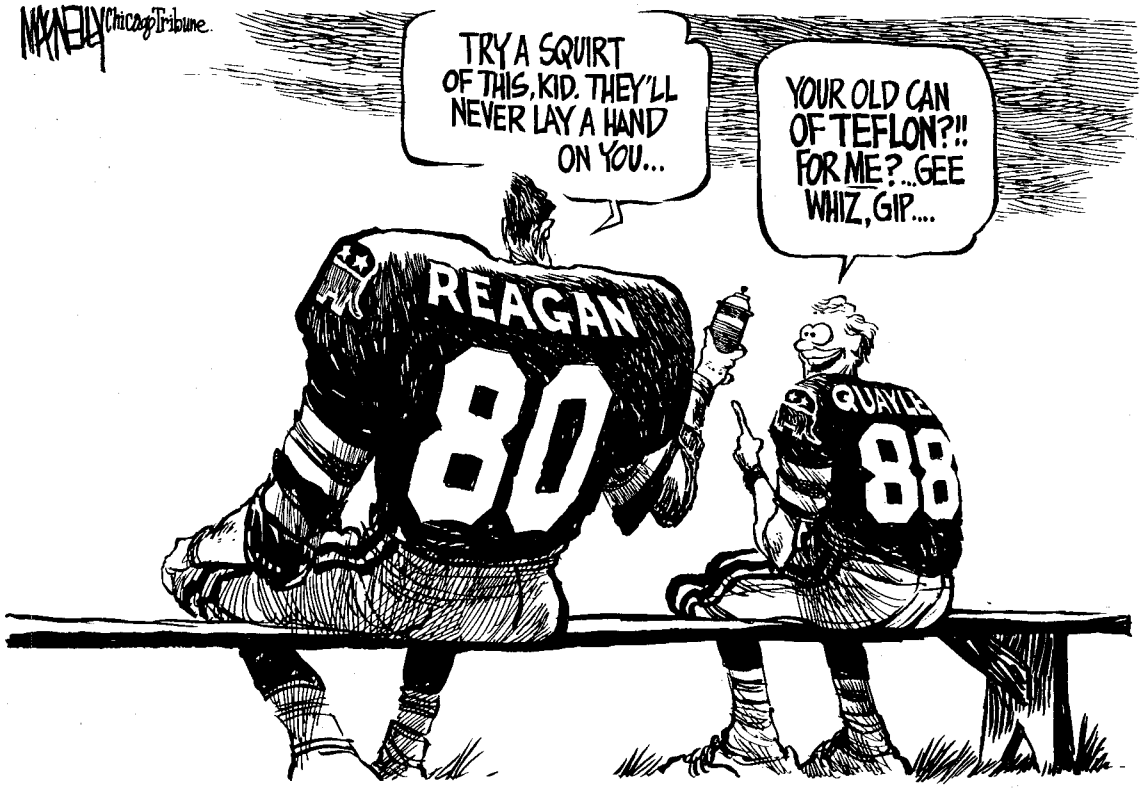
MAYNARD Chicago Tribune
TRY A SQUIRT OF THIS, KID. THEY'LL NEVER LAY A HAND ON YOU...
YOUR OLD CAN OF TEFLON?!! FOR ME?...GEE WHIZ, GIP....
REAGAN
80
QUAYLE
88

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moral reasoning, and yet it appears to have made little impression on Michael Dukakis or his political friends in Massachusetts. While Dukakis was supporting the public funding of abortions, the Massachusetts chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union was arguing in court that the Equal Rights Amendment in Massachusetts made it unconstitutional to withhold public funding for abortions.

The courts have not yet taken the leap and rooted the right to an abortion in "the equal protection of the laws." And yet, it has become evident that many judges and administrators are ready to regard the refusal to provide abortions as an instance of discrimination based on sex. That new credulity has offered the chance to promote abortion as a positive good; to promote it with the weight of the law; to impose the policy even on the centers of resistance, in private businesses and religious colleges.

The Civil Rights Restoration Act brought all of this to light. And once it had been brought to light, it became clear that the regulations favored by the bureaucracy and the partisans of abortion had no chance of passing Congress. The bill could be passed only if it contained language making it clear that the laws on discrimination would not establish any obligation to provide or fund abortions. And that kind of language, in turn, had to make the bill unacceptable in principle to the league of groups that supported "abortion rights." For it would have marked an explicit, official denial on the part of Congress that the principle contained in the "equal protection of the laws" would also entail the right to an abortion. It is a measure of the influence commanded these days by the "abortion interest" that the civil-rights coalition was willing to forgo, for several years, a bill it earnestly craved, if the bill contained any such language that would offend the party of abortion. Of course, nothing in the bill would have diminished the right of any woman, anywhere, to choose an abortion. The bill would have marked a refusal merely to recognize abortion as a "public good" that deserved to be enforced on private institutions through public law. Still, for that critical, symbolic gesture, the radical feminists were willing to hold back the civil-rights bill.

The civil-rights coalition finally ran out of patience this year, but not before the most strenuous effort on the part of senators such as Weicker, Kennedy, and Metzenbaum to resist any attempt to remove abortion from the coverage of the bill. Beyond that, they even held out against a special exemption on abortion for religious hospitals and schools. But they could not command a majority, and, in the end, the Senate dealt with the issue through the Danforth Amendment: Congress would simply register its understanding that nothing in the laws on civil rights "shall be construed to require or prohibit any person, or public or private entity to provide or pay for any benefit or service, including use of facilities, related to abortion."

All of this took place during the height of the presidential primaries, and Mr. Dukakis preserved a silence that must be regarded as conspicuous. He never joined Senator Moynihan or other Democrats—mostly notably, Lloyd Bentsen—in resisting the effort to impose, on reluctant colleges and hospitals, an obligation to perform abortions. Of course, the Danforth Amendment had arisen quickly in the Senate, and we may not expect a presidential candidate to have positions ready on every amendment before Congress. But this issue had blocked the bill in Congress for several years; the issue itself will not end with the passage of the bill; and to this day, we still do not know Michael Dukakis's judgment on the question that tied the matter of abortion to the Civil Rights Restoration Act. After several calls, it was finally confirmed by the Dukakis organization in Boston a) that Mr. Dukakis did not in fact take a position on the Danforth Amendment, and b) that he has not chosen, even yet, to record his judgment on the more general question. By this time, however, Dukakis's failure to take a position cannot be understood merely as an omission. It must be understood, rather, as a deliberate decision not to take a position, or, more accurately, a decision to conceal from the public news that may be altogether too unsettling for the public to hear.

We are left then to inference, and seasoned observers must be inclined to guess that Dukakis would stand, on this question, with his political friends in Massachusetts, and with Senators Weicker and Metzenbaum. But what difference could it make, since the Danforth Amendment has already been passed? Just this: a President Dukakis would be very likely to appoint judges who regard the right to an abortion as a right that flows, not merely from a right of privacy, but from the commitment in the Constitution to the "equal protection of the laws." On that basis, Mr. Dukakis can accomplish through the courts what Weicker, Metzenbaum, and Kennedy were not able to accomplish in the Senate. One Dukakis judge, in one federal district court, could simply overturn that part of the Civil Rights Restoration Act that refuses to recognize abortion as a civil right. Once again, there would be a move on the part of the federal bureaucracy to compel private corporations to fund abortions, and require even religious hospitals to perform them.

That prospect had been sufficiently imminent and disturbing that it finally moved even the Democrats in the Senate to qualify their ponderous support for "abortion rights." Why, then, is the issue not sufficiently momentous that it would justify some serious, pointed questions to Michael Dukakis? Has it become, somehow, indecorous in this season to ask Michael Dukakis where he stands on this issue? After all, there is nothing distant or speculative about it. It would be present, from the beginning, in the commitments of every judge screened and appointed by a Dukakis Administration.

MR. DUKAKIS has declared, "I don't know when life begins; I'm not sure I ever will." But his policies on abortion do not have about them the signs of a mind held back in uncertainty. And as President he would be obliged rather quickly to make up his mind: this fall, a commission has been at work to advise the National Institutes of Health on the transplant of organs drawn from fetuses. The transplant of fetal glands or the use of fetal cells can have a pronounced, therapeutic effect on persons suffering from Parkinson's disease, failing kidneys, Alzheimer's disease, and many other afflictions. It appears, however, that these procedures can be employed with the best therapeutic results when the cells and organs are drawn from *human* fetuses. The fetuses of monkeys will not serve as well; in many instances, they will not serve at all. A President Dukakis might have to make a decision, very early, on the commerce in these fetuses and

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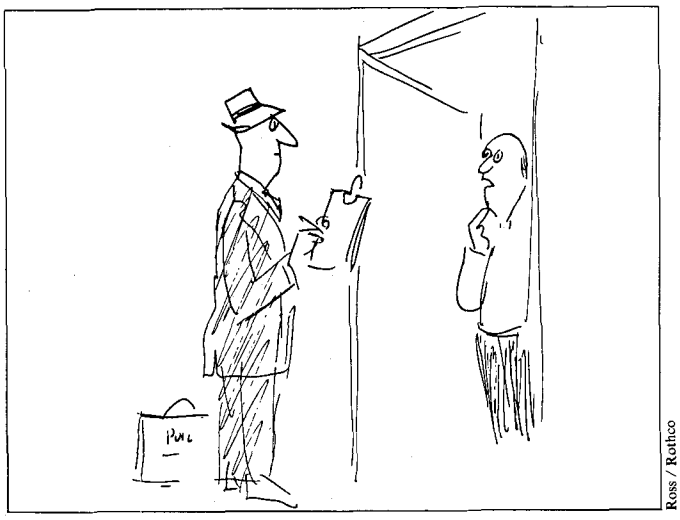

"Gee, I don't know. Can I ask my computer?"

their parts. If Mr. Dukakis really cannot tell that these fetuses, drawn from humans, are indeed human beings, then he would see no more problem in the sale of a fetus and its organs than in the sale of rats and pigeons for laboratories. But since only human fetuses can yield the best medical results, most of the fetal parts in question must be human. And yet, if the Administration is forced to declare very early that these are human fetuses, then it will have to overthrow, explicitly, the one sovereign point on which Mr. Dukakis claims to build his position on abortion.

Mr. Dukakis stands, then, under a delicate balance of contradictions, which can collapse upon him with the gentlest prodding. Mr. Bush could start the tremors simply by asking a series of earnest questions on the matter of requiring religious institutions to perform and fund abortions. But he might produce an even more arresting spectacle if he invited Mr. Dukakis to join him in support of a modest proposal: Even if we disagree about the beginning of life, almost everyone is willing to concede that life is present by the time of birth. The Supreme Court has already upheld one limited measure, to provide a second doctor at hand in case a baby survives the abortion (*Planned Parenthood of Missouri* v. *Ashcroft*, 1983). Mr. Bush might invite Mr. Dukakis to join him in taking *at least a first step* and establishing a consensus in the country on protecting the life of the child born alive.

There is no want of means at hand to promote this end, and not the least important would be the move simply to raise the point for discussion. There would be a pronounced effect merely from making this question the subject of a dispute that ripples outward, throughout the country, from *Nightline* to the other talk shows to the columns. For one thing, the discussion would break out some striking news to the public on just how sweeping and unrestricted are the current laws on abortion. But what may be even more jolting to the public would be the evident inability of Governor Dukakis to accept the invitation and sign on to this modest proposal. For it would become evident quickly that the Left in the Democratic Party could not endorse this measure to protect the child without risking an unraveling of its entire position on abortion: If the child born alive does not lose its claim to live, merely because her mother does not *want* her, why should that claim be any less compelling for the "viable" child in the womb, who might be kept alive after twenty to 24 weeks? But then, why should the claim not be made quite as well for the same child, when it happens simply to be smaller, weaker, younger? Once this chain of questions begins, it will not be contained. For that reason, it will not begin. Mr. Dukakis will seek an artful way of declining any such invitation to protect the child who survives the abortion.

The public debate on abortion is usually made to take place on the question of rape and incest. Such cases represent the most minuscule fraction of the abortions performed every year in this country, and yet those who would resist abortion on demand have been compelled to defend their position at the point that is the hardest for them to explain. Why would it not make sense to shift the burden of argument and compel Mr. Dukakis and his party to make their defense of abortion at the point of *their* hardest case—the point at which the defense of abortion becomes indistinguishable from the defense of infanticide? Why not leave them the burden of explaining why their commitment to abortion prevents them from protecting the child born alive?

At the same time, there would be no need for subterfuge, or for any muddying of the question in principle: Mr. Bush can offer the protection of the born child as a *first* step, as a point of collaboration between the parties. He would not be signing on to any fabulous compromise that life actually begins at birth or at the second trimester of a pregnancy.

WITHIN THIS NEW CLIMATE of discussion, even a compromise over rape and incest may be seen more clearly for what it is. Messrs. Bush and Quayle have accepted abortion in cases of rape and incest, but they have not filled out their understanding on this point. They have made it clear that their concern for abortion is a concern for stopping the destruction of innocent lives. But unless we reverse the usual notions of cause and effect, the children conceived in rape and incest could hardly bear any responsibility for these acts. They would have to be, then, quite as innocent as any other unborn children that the Republican candidates would wish to protect. To suggest otherwise is to call into question the coherence of their position, unless they put forth an explanation along these lines: Once the law is placed again on the right premises, once it begins to teach again the right lessons, the public may be encouraged to reflect anew about the grounds on which they would justify the aborting of a child. In that setting, the victims of rape may sense a new support in the community for the woman who forgoes the abortion and saves the child. And the public may come to see that, in its moral passion, it has been too unmeasured in its willingness to accept abortion as a remedy for rape. We may be compelled, out of prudence, to respect the opinion of the American people on this matter, until we can persuade them to a more demanding temper. But that task of persuasion may be aided now by a climate of opinion shaped by new laws. In the meantime, we do not put ourselves in the position of accepting 1.5 million abortions every year until the sensibilities of the public can be altered.

(Continues on page 59)

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No one in his senses would choose to be poor, right?
No one could be happy in an unfurnished hut without electricity or running water?
Think about it

WHAT'S SO BAD ABOUT BEING POOR?

CHARLES MURRAY

One of the great barriers to a discussion of poverty and social policy in the 1980s is that so few people who talk about poverty have ever been poor. The diminishing supply of the formerly poor in policy-making and policy-influencing positions is a side effect of progress. The number of poor households dropped dramatically from the beginning of World War II through the end of the 1960s. Despite this happy cause, however, it is a troubling phenomenon. From the beginning of American history through at least the 1950s, the new generation moving into positions of influence in politics, business, journalism, and academia was bound to include a large admixture of people who had grown up dirt-poor. People who had grown up in more privileged surroundings did not have to speculate about what being poor was like; someone sitting beside them, or at the head of the table, was likely to be able to tell them. It was easy to acknowledge then, as it is not now, that there is nothing so terrible about poverty *per se*. Poverty is not equivalent to destitution. Being poor does not necessarily mean being malnourished or ill-clothed. It does not automatically mean joylessness or despair. To be poor is not necessarily to be without dignity; it is not necessarily to be unhappy. When large numbers of people who were running the country had once been poor themselves, poverty could be kept in perspective.

Today, how many graduates of the Kennedy School of Government or of the Harvard Business School have ever been really poor? How many have ever had close friends who were? How many even have parents who were once poor? For those who have never been poor and never even known any people who were once poor, it is difficult to treat poverty as something other than a mystery. It is even more difficult to be detached about the importance of poverty, because to do so smacks of a "let them eat cake" mentality. By the same token, however, it is important that we who have never been poor be able to think about the relationship of poverty to social policy in a much more straightforward way than the nation's intellectuals and policy-makers have done for the past few decades. To that end, I propose a thought experiment based on the premise that tomorrow you had to be poor. I do not mean "low-income" by Western standards of affluence, but functioning near the subsistence level, as a very large proportion of the world's population still does.

In constructing this thought experiment, the first requirement is to divorce yourself from certain reflexive assumptions. Do not think what it would be like to be poor while living in a community of rich people. I do not (yet) want to commingle the notions of absolute poverty and relative poverty, so you should imagine a community in which everyone else is as poor as you are, indeed, a world in which the existence of wealth is so far removed from daily life that it is not real.

The second requirement is to avoid constructing an imaginary person. The point is not to try to imagine yourself in the shoes of "a poor person" but to imagine what *you*, with your particular personality, experiences, strengths, and limitations (including your middle-class upbringing and values), would do if you were suddenly thrust into this position.

To do all this in the American context is difficult. Any scenario is filled with extraneous factors. So let me suggest one that I used as a way of passing the time when I was a researcher driving on the back roads of rural Thailand many years ago. What if, I would muse, I had to live for the rest of my life in the next village I came to (perhaps a nuclear war would have broken out, thereby keeping me indefinitely in Thailand; any rationalization would do)?

In some ways, the prospect was grim. I had never been charmed by sleeping under mosquito netting nor by bathing with a few buckets of cloudy well water. When circumstances permitted, I liked to end a day's work in a village by driving back to an air-conditioned hotel and a cold beer. But if I had no choice . . .

As it happens, Thailand has an attractive peasant culture. Survival itself is not a problem. The weather is always warm, so the requirements for clothes, fuel, and shelter are minimal. Village food is ample, if monotonous.

Mr. Murray is Bradley Fellow at the Manhattan Institute for Policy Research and author of Losing Ground. *Copyright ©1988 by Cox and Murray, Inc. From* In Pursuit: Of Happiness and Good Government, *by Charles Murray, just published by Simon & Schuster. Printed by permission.*

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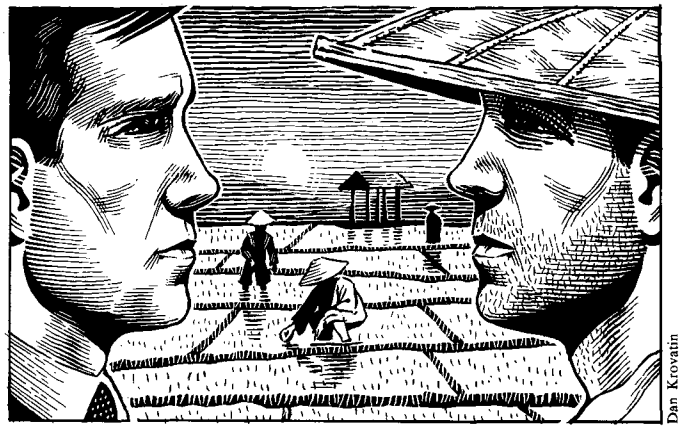
But I would nonetheless be extremely poor, with an effective purchasing power of a few hundred dollars a year. The house I would live in would probably consist of a porch and one or two small, unlit, unfurnished rooms. The walls might be of wood, more probably of woven bamboo or leaf mats. I would have (in those years) no electricity and no running water. Perhaps I would have a bicycle or a transistor radio. Probably the nearest physician would be many kilometers away. In sum: If the criterion for measuring poverty is material goods, it would be difficult to find a community in deepest Appalachia or a neighborhood in the most depressed parts of South Chicago that even approaches the absolute material poverty of the average Thai village in which I would have to make my life.

On the other hand, as I thought about spending the next fifty years in a Thai village, I found myself wondering precisely what I would lack (compared to my present life) that would cause me great pain. The more I thought about the question, the less likely it seemed that I would be unhappy.

Since I lacked any useful trade, maybe I could swap the Jeep for a few *rai* of land and become a farmer. Learning how to farm well enough to survive would occupy my time and attention for several years. After that, I might try to become an affluent farmer. One of the assets I would bring from my Western upbringing and schooling would be a haphazardly acquired understanding of cash crops, markets, and entrepreneurial possibilities, and perhaps I could parlay that, along with hard work, into some income and more land. It also was clear to me that I probably would enjoy this "career." I am not saying I would *choose* it, but rather that I could find satisfaction in learning how to be a competent rice farmer, even though it was not for me the most desired of all possible careers.

People who had grown up in more privileged surroundings did not have to speculate about what being poor was like; someone sitting beside them was able to tell them

What about my personal life? Thais are among the world's most handsome and charming people, and it was easy to imagine falling in love with a woman from the village, marrying her, and having a family with her. I could also anticipate the pleasure of watching my children grow up, probably at closer hand than I would in the United States. The children would not get the same education they would in the States, but I would have it within my power to see that they would be educated. A grade school is near every village. The priests in the local *wat* could teach them Buddhism. I could also become teacher to my children. A few basic textbooks in mathematics, science, and history; Plato and Shakespeare and the Bible; a dozen other well-chosen classics—all these could be acquired even in up-country Thailand. My children could reach adulthood literate, thoughtful, and civilized.


Dan Krovatin

My children would do well in other ways too. They would grow up in a "positive peer culture," as the experts say. Their Thai friends in the village would all be raised by their parents to be considerate, hard-working, pious, and honest—that's the way Thai villagers raise their children. My children would face few of the corrupting influences to be found in an American city.

Other personal pleasures? I knew I would find it easy to make friends, and that some would become close. I would have other good times, too—celebrations on special occasions, but more often informal gatherings and jokes and conversation. If I read less, I would also read better. I would have great personal freedom as long as my behavior did not actively interfere with the lives of my neighbors (the tolerance for eccentric behavior in a Thai village is remarkably high). What about the physical condition of poverty? After a few months, I suspect that I would hardly notice.

You may conclude that this thought experiment is a transparent setup. First I ask what it would be like to be poor, then I proceed to outline a near-idyllic environment in which to be poor. I assume that I have a legacy of education experiences that would help me spend my time getting steadily less poor. And then I announce that poverty isn't so bad after all. But the point of the thought experiment is not to suggest that all kinds of poverty are tolerable, and even less that all peasant societies are pleasant places to live. When poverty means the inability to get enough food or shelter, it is every bit as bad as usually portrayed. When poverty means being forced to remain in that condition, with no way of improving one's situation, it is as bad as portrayed. When poverty is conjoined with oppression, be it a caste system or a hacienda system or a people's republic, it is as bad as portrayed. *My thought experiment is not a paean to peasant life, but a paean to communities of free people.* If poverty is defined in terms of money, everybody in the Thai village is poor. If poverty is defined as being unable to live a modest but decent existence, hardly anyone there is poor.

DOES THIS THOUGHT EXPERIMENT fail when it is transported to the United States? Imagine the same Thai village set down intact on the outskirts of Los Angeles. Surely its inhabitants must be miserable, liv-

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ing in their huts and watching the rest of the world live in splendor.

At this point in the argument, however, we need no longer think in terms of thought experiments. This situation is one that has been faced by hundreds of thousands of immigrants to the United States, whether they came from Europe at the end of World War II or from Vietnam in the mid 1970s. Lawyers found themselves working as janitors, professors found themselves working on assembly lines. Sometimes they worked their way up and out, but many had to remain janitors and factory workers, because they came here too late in life to retool their foreign-trained skills. But their children did not have to remain so, and they have not. A reading of their histories, in literature or in the oral testimony of their children, corroborates this pattern. Was a Latvian attorney forced to flee his country "happy" to have to work as a janitor? No. Was he prevented by his situation—specifically, by his poverty—from successfully pursuing happiness? Emphatically, no.

Let us continue the thought experiment nonetheless, with a slightly different twist. This time, you are given a choice. One choice is to be poor in rural Thailand, as I have described it, with just enough food and shelter and a few hundred dollars a year in cash: a little beyond bare subsistence, but not much. Or you may live in the United States, receive a free apartment, free food, free medical care, and a cash grant, the package coming to a total that puts you well above the poverty line. There is, however, a catch: you are *required* to live in a particular apartment, and this apartment is located in a public-housing project in one of the burned-out areas of the South Bronx. A condition of receiving the rest of the package is that you continue to live, and raise your children, in the South Bronx (you do not have the option of spending all of your waking hours in Manhattan, just as the village thought experiment did not give you the option of taking vacations in Bangkok). You still have all the assets you took to the Thai village—once again, it is essential that you imagine not what it is like for an Alabama sharecropper to be transplanted to the South Bronx, but what it would be like *for you*.

How much money would it take to persuade you to move self and family to a public-housing project in the South Bronx?

In some ways, you would have much more access to distractions. Unlike the situation in the Thai village, you would have television you could watch all day, taking you vicariously into other worlds. And, for that matter, it would be much easier to get books than in a Thai village, and you would have much more money with which to buy them. You could, over time, fix up your apartment so that within its walls you would have an environment that looked and felt very like an apartment you could have elsewhere.

There is only one problem: You would have a terrible time once you opened your door to the outside world. How, for example, are you going to raise your children in the South Bronx so that they grow up to be the adults you want them to be? (No, you don't have the option of sending them to live elsewhere.) How are you going to take a walk in the park in the evening? There are many good people in the South Bronx with whom you could become friends, just as in the village. But how are you to find them? And once they are found, how are you to create a functioning, mutually reinforcing community?

I suggest that as you think of answers to those questions, you will find that, if you are to have much chance to be happy, the South Bronx needs to be changed in a way that the village did not—that, unlike the village as it stood, the South Bronx as it stands does not "work" as an environment for pursuing happiness. Let us ignore for the moment how these changes in environment could be brought about, by what combination of government's doing things and refraining from doing things. The fact is that hardly any of those changes involve greater income for you personally, but rather changes in the surrounding environment. There is a question that crystallizes the roles of personal *v.* environmental poverty in this situation: How much money would it take to persuade you to move self and family to this public-housing project in the South Bronx?

THE PURPOSE of the first two versions of the thought experiment was to suggest a different perspective on one's own priorities regarding the pursuit of happiness, and by extension to suggest that perhaps public policy ought to reflect a different set of priorities as well. It is easy in this case, however, to assume that what one wants for oneself is not applicable to others. Thus, for example, it could be said that the only reason the thought experiments work (if you grant even that much) is that the central character starts out with enormous advantages of knowledge and values—which in themselves reflect the advantages of having grown up with plenty of material resources.

To explore that possibility, I ask you to bear with me for one more thought experiment on this general topic, one I have found to be a touchstone. This time, the question is not what kinds of material resources you (with your fully developed set of advantages) need for your pursuit of happiness, but what a small child, without any developed assets at all, needs for his pursuit of happiness —specifically, what your own child needs.

Imagine that you are the parent of a small child, living in contemporary America, and in some way you are able to know that tomorrow you and your spouse will die and your child will be made an orphan. You do not have the option of sending the child to live with a friend or relative. You must select from among other and far-from-perfect choices. The choices, I assure you, are not veiled representations of anything else; the experiment is set up not to be realistic, but to evoke something about how you think.

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Suppose first this choice: You may put your child with an extremely poor couple according to the official definition of "poor"—which is to say, poverty that is measured exclusively in money. This couple has so little money that your child's clothes will often be secondhand and there will be not even small luxuries to brighten his life. Life will be a struggle, often a painful one. But you also know that the parents work hard, will make sure your child goes to school and studies, and will teach your child that integrity and responsibility are primary values. Or you may put your child with parents who will be as affectionate to your child as the first couple but who have never worked, are indifferent to your child's education, think that integrity and responsibility (when they think of them at all) are meaningless words—but who have and will always have plenty of food and good clothes and amenities, provided by others.

Which couple do you choose? The answer is obvious to me and I imagine to most readers: the first couple, of course. But if you are among those who choose the first couple, stop and consider what the answer means. This is *your own child* you are talking about, whom you would never let go hungry even if providing for your child meant going hungry yourself. And yet you are choosing years of privation for that same child. Why?

Perhaps I set up the thought experiment too starkly. Let us repeat it, adding some ambiguity. This time, the first choice is again the poor-but-virtuous couple. But the second couple is rich. They are, we shall say, the heirs to a great fortune. They will not beat your child or in any other way maltreat him. We may even assume affection on their part, as we will with the other couples. But, once again, they have never worked and never will, are indifferent to your child's education, and think that integrity and responsibility (when they think of them at all) are meaningless words. They do, however, possess millions of dollars, more than enough to last for the life of your child and of your child's children. Now, in whose care do you place your child? The poor couple or the rich one?

This time, it seems likely that some people will choose the rich couple—or more accurately, it is possible to think of ways in which the decision might be tipped in that direction. For example, a wealthy person who is indifferent to a child's education might nonetheless ship the child off to an expensive boarding school at the earliest possible age. In that case, it is conceivable that the wealthy ne'er-do-wells are preferable to the poor-but-virtuous couple, *if* they end up providing the values of the poor family through the surrogate parenting of the boarding school—dubious, but conceivable. One may imagine other ways in which the money might be used to compensate for the inadequacies of the parents. But failing those very chancy possibilities, I suggest that a great many parents on all sides of political fences would knowingly choose hunger and rags for their child rather than wealth.

Again, the question is: Why? What catastrophes are going to befall the child placed in the wealthy home? What is the awful fate? Would it be so terrible if he grew up to be thoughtlessly rich? The child will live a life of luxury and have enough money to buy himself out of almost any problem that might arise. Why not leave it at that? Or let me put the question positively: In deciding where to send the child, what is one trying to achieve by these calculations and predictions and hunches? What is the good that one is trying to achieve? What is the criterion of success?

Dan Krovatin

One may attach a variety of descriptors to the answer. Perhaps you want the child to become a reflective, responsible adult. To value honesty and integrity. To be able to identify sources of lasting satisfaction. Ultimately, if I keep pushing the question (Why is honesty good? Why is being reflective good?), you will give the answer that permits no follow-up: You want your child to be happy. You are trying to choose the guardians who will best enable your child to pursue happiness. And, forced to a choice, material resources come very low on your list of priorities.

So far, I have limited the discussion to a narrow point: in deciding how to enhance the ability of people to pursue happiness, solutions that increase material resources beyond subsistence *independently of other considerations* are bound to fail. Money *per se* is not very important. It quickly becomes trivial. Depending on other non-monetary conditions, poor people can have a rich assortment of ways of pursuing happiness, or affluent people can have very few.

The thought experiments were stratagems intended not to convince you of any particular policy implications, but rather to induce you to entertain this possibility: When a policy trade-off involves (for example) imposing material hardship in return for some other policy good, *it is possible* (I ask no more than that for the time being) that imposing the material hardship is the right choice. For example, regarding the "orphaned child" scenario: *If* a policy leads to a society in which there are more of the first kind of parents and fewer of the second, the sacrifices in material resources available to the children involved might conceivably be worth it.

The discussion, with its steady use of the concept of "near-subsistence" as "enough material resources to pursue happiness," has also been intended to point up how little our concept of poverty has to do with subsistence. Thus, for example, if one simply looks at the end result of how people live, a natural observation concerning contemporary America might be that we have large numbers of people

(Continues on page 59)

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THE SUN ALWAYS RISES

In America, schools are expected to enforce racial integration, foster social progress, and keep kids off the streets till they're 18 years old. In Japan, they're expected to teach.

Why Johnny Can't Read, but Yoshio Can

RICHARD LYNN

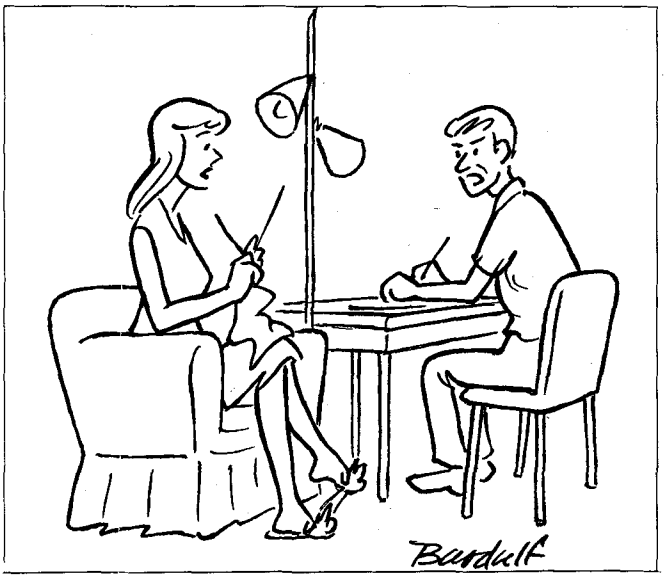
THERE CAN be no doubt that American schools compare poorly with Japanese schools. In the latter, there are no serious problems with poor discipline, violence, or truancy; Japanese children take school seriously and work hard. Japanese educational standards are high, and illiteracy is virtually unknown.

The evidence of Japan's high educational standards began to appear as long ago as the 1960s. In 1967 there was published the first of a series of studies of educational standards in a dozen or so economically developed nations, based on tests of carefully drawn representative samples of children. The first study was concerned with achievement in math on the part of 13- and 18-year-olds. In both age groups the Japanese children came out well ahead of their coevals in other countries. The American 13-year-olds came out second to last for their age group; the American 18-year-olds, last. In both age groups, European children scored about halfway between the Japanese and the Americans.

Since then, further studies have appeared, covering science as well as math. The pattern of results has always been the same: the Japanese have generally scored first, the Americans last or nearly last, and the Europeans have fallen somewhere in between. In early adolescence, when the first tests are taken, Japanese children are two or three years ahead of American children; by age 18, approximately 98 per cent of Japanese children surpass their American counterparts.

Meanwhile, under the Reagan Administration, the United States at least started to take notice of the problem. In 1983 the President's report, *A Nation at Risk*, described the state of American schools as a national disaster. A follow-up report issued by the then-secretary of education, Mr. William Bennett, earlier this year claims that although some improvements have been made, these have been "disappointingly slow."

An examination of Japan's school system suggests that there are three factors responsible for its success, which might be emulated by other countries: a strong national curriculum, stipulated by the government; strong incentives for students; and the stimulating effects of competition between schools.



"I suppose we should be thankful we don't get all the government we pay for."

THE NATIONAL CURRICULUM in Japan is drawn up by the Department of Education. It covers Japanese language and literature, math, science, social science, music, moral education, and physical education. From time to time, the Department of Education requests advice on the content of the curriculum from representatives of the teaching profession, industry, and the trade unions. Syllabi are then drawn up, setting out in detail the subject matter that has to be taught at each grade. These syllabi are issued to school principals, who are responsible for ensuring that the stipulated curriculum is taught in their schools. Inspectors periodically check that this is being done.

The Japanese national curriculum ensures such uniformly high standards of teaching that almost all parents are happy to send their children to the local public school. There is no flight into private schools of the kind that has been taking place in America in recent years. Private schools do exist in Japan, but they are attended by less than 1 per

Mr. Lynn, professor of psychology at the University of Ulster, is the author most recently of Educational Achievement in Japan *(M. E. Sharpe, 1988).*

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cent of children in the age range of compulsory schooling (six to 15 years).

This tightly stipulated national curriculum provides a striking contrast with the decentralized curriculum of schools in America. Officially, the curriculum in America is the responsibility of school principals with guidelines from state education officials. In practice, even school principals often have little idea of what is actually being taught in the classroom.

America and Britain have been unusual in leaving the curriculum so largely in the hands of teachers. Some form of national curriculum is used throughout Continental Europe, although the syllabus is typically not specified in as much detail as in Japan. And now Britain is changing course: legislation currently going through Parliament will introduce a national curriculum for England and Wales, with the principal subjects being English, math, science, technology, a foreign language, history and geography, and art, music, and design. It is envisioned that the new curriculum will take up approximately 70 per cent of teaching time, leaving the remainder free for optional subjects such as a second foreign language, or extra science.

Under the terms of the new legislation, schoolchildren are going to be given national tests at the ages of seven, 11, 14, and 16 to ensure that the curriculum has been taught and that children have learned it to a satisfactory standard. When the British national curriculum comes into effect, America will be left as the only major economically developed country without one.

To achieve high educational standards in schools it is necessary to have motivated students as well as good teachers. A national curriculum acts as a discipline on teachers, causing them to teach efficiently, but it does nothing to provide incentives for students, an area in which American education is particularly weak.

One of the key factors in the Japanese education system is that secondary schooling is split into two stages. At the age of 11 or 12, Japanese children enter junior high school. After three years there, they take competitive entrance examinations for senior high schools. In each locality there is a hierarchy of public esteem for these senior high schools, from the two or three that are regarded as the best in the area, through those considered to be good or average, down to those that (at least by Japanese standards) are considered to be poor.

The top schools enjoy national reputations, somewhat akin to the famous English schools such as Eton and Harrow. But in England the high fees exacted by these schools mean that very few parents can afford them. Consequently there are few candidates for entry, and the entrance examinations offer little incentive to work for the great mass of children. By contrast, in Japan the elite senior high schools are open to everyone. While a good number of these schools are private (approximately 30 per cent nationwide, though in some major cities the figure is as high as 50 per cent), even these schools are enabled, by government subsidies, to keep their fees within the means of a large proportion of parents. The public schools also charge fees, but these are nominal, amounting to only a few hundred dollars a year, and loans are available to cover both fees and living expenses.

Thus children have every expectation of being able to attend the best school they can qualify for; and, hence, the hierarchical rankings of senior high schools act as a powerful incentive for children preparing for the entrance examinations. There is no doubt that Japanese children work hard in response to these incentives. Starting as early as age ten, approximately half of them take extra tuition on weekends, in the evenings, and in the school holidays at supplementary coaching establishments known as *juku*, and even at that early age they do far more homework than American children. At about the age of 12, Japanese children enter the period of their lives known as *examination hell*: during this time, which lasts fully two years, it is said that those who sleep more than five hours a night have no hope of success, either in school or in life. For, in addition to conferring great social and intellectual status on their students, the elite senior high schools provide a first-rate academic education, which, in turn, normally enables the students to get into one of the elite universities and, eventually, to move into a good job in industry or government.

Although Japanese children are permitted to leave school at the age of 15, 94 per cent of them proceed voluntarily to the senior high schools. Thus virtually all Japanese are exposed in early adolescence to the powerful incentive for academic work represented by the senior-high-school entrance examinations. There is nothing in the school systems of any of the Western countries resembling this powerful incentive.

The prestige of the elite senior high schools is sustained by the extensive publicity they receive from the media. Each year the top hundred or so schools in Japan are ranked on the basis of the percentage of their pupils who obtain entry to the University of Tokyo, Japan's most prestigious university. These rankings are widely reported in the print media, and the positions of the top twenty schools are announced on TV news programs, rather like the scores made by leading sports teams in the United States and Europe. At a local level, more detailed media coverage is devoted to the academic achievements of all the schools in the various localities, this time analyzed in terms of their pupils' success in obtaining entry to the lesser, but still highly regarded, local universities.

Thus, once Japanese 15-year-olds have been admitted to their senior high schools, they are confronted with a fresh set of incentives in the form of entrance examinations to universities and colleges, which are likewise hierarchically ordered in public esteem. After the University of Tokyo, which stands at the apex of the status hierarchy, come the University of Kyoto and ten or so other highly prestigious universities, including the former Imperial Universities in the major provincial cities and the technological university of Hitosubashi, whose standing and reputation in Japan resembles that of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the United States.

Below these top dozen institutions stand some forty or so less prestigious but still well-regarded universities. And after these come numerous smaller universities and colleges of varying degrees of standing and reputation.

To some extent the situation in Japan has parallels in the United States and Europe, but there are two factors that make the importance of securing admission to an elite university substantially greater in Japan than in the West.

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They Never Learn

In the mid Sixties a group headed by Professor James Coleman, then of Johns Hopkins University, administered standardized intelligence and achievement tests to approximately 605,000 elementary- and secondary-school children in schools spread throughout all fifty states and the District of Columbia. Coleman and his collaborators had expected to be able to explain the great differences in average test scores between white and minority-group students by differences in the quality of their schools, as measured by such factors as average class size, number of textbooks, library facilities, age of school buildings, and teachers' education and background. He found, instead, that black schools did not spend significantly less than white schools and did not have larger classes, fewer or less adequate textbooks, less qualified teachers, etc., etc.

More importantly, the Coleman Report found no tendency for students from a given socio-economic background to perform significantly better in newer schools with high per-pupil expenditures than in older schools with low per-pupil expenditures.

These findings—although corroborated in subsequent studies done in this country and Europe, as well as in a second Coleman Report (1981), which found that, on average, students in private schools achieve more, even with large classes and fewer resources, than those in public schools—are still hotly disputed by the public-education establishment.

The most recent salvo was fired by Albert Shanker, who accused the Department of Education of fudging numbers in a chart that showed steady growth in elementary- and secondary-school expenditures on one side, and a steady decline in SAT scores on the other. Mr. Shanker complains that the expenditures were in current dollars, not adjusted for inflation, while the SAT scores, which go from 400 to 1,600, were displayed on a graph that went only from 800 to 1,000.

Unfortunately for Shanker's argument, the negative relationship between expenditures and test scores persists even after these changes are made, and is more pronounced when outlays are viewed on a per-student basis:

Elementary/Secondary Public Education Spending and Achievement

	Total (Billions)		Per Pupil,	Average SAT
	Current $	1985 $	1985 $	Score
1951	7.3	30.2	1,295	970
1963	21.3	75.1	1,971	980
1970	45.5	124.6	2,983	948
1975	70.6	138.4	3,329	906
1980	104.1	130.9	3,470	890
1985	147.6	147.6	4,051	906

After peaking at 980 in 1963, average SAT scores fell steadily to a low of 890 in 1980, after which they rebounded to 906 in 1985. Real per-pupil expenditures rose throughout this period, and in fact increased at a faster clip during the 1960s, when the decline in scores first became evident, than during the 1950s, when scores were generally on the rise. Interestingly, the rate of decrease in average test scores abated somewhat during the 1975-1980 period, just when the rate of increase in real per-pupil expenditures was also declining.

Public-school enrollment fell by more than 6.5 million students between 1970 and 1985, and the ratio of pupils to teachers fell from 22.3 to 17.9. We can thus say that the productivity of the average teacher, as measured by the number of students he teaches, declined by 20 per cent over this period. (This comparison is probably too charitable, since it ignores increases in non-teaching personnel, as well as the decline in SAT scores.)

The long-term decline in educational productivity contrasts sharply with increased output per worker in the manufacturing sector of the economy:

Productivity Trends in Education and Manufacturing

	Pupil/ Teacher Ratio	Output Per Worker (1977 = 100)
1960	25.8	61.4
1970	22.3	80.0
1980	19.0	99.9
1985	17.9	124.9

The productivity of manufacturing workers has more than doubled since 1960, while that of teachers fell more than 30 per cent. Both teachers and manufacturing workers clearly have more productivity-enhancing equipment to work with now than in 1960, but the public schools, unlike manufacturers, face no meaningful competition, and thus have no economic incentive to pass the benefits of higher productivity through to the taxpayers.

Of course, teachers might argue that they are able to provide considerably more individualized attention in today's smaller classes than their counterparts in 1960, and that the quality of the learning experience has improved. This assertion is belied by the decline in SAT scores, as well as a recent Department of Education report showing that average class size in Japan is approximately 35, about twice the U.S. level, and yet Japanese students do much better than Americans in math.

In 1950, public schools educated 16.6 per cent of the U.S. population at a cost of 2.2 per cent of the nation's GNP; in 1985 it took 3.7 per cent of a much larger GNP to educate the same proportion of the population. The reasons behind the test-score decline are obviously more complex than just the financial resources being applied to education.

—Ed Rubenstein

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In the first place, the entire Japanese system is geared toward providing lifelong employment, both in the private sector and in the civil service. It is practically unheard of for executives to switch from one corporation to another, or into public service and then back into the private sector, as in the United States and Europe. Employees are recruited directly out of college, and, needless to say, the major corporations and the civil service recruit virtually entirely from the top dozen universities. The smaller Japanese corporations operate along the same lines, although they widen their recruitment net to cover the next forty or so universities in the prestige hierarchy. Thus, obtaining entry to a prestigious university is a far more vital step for a successful career in Japan than it is in the United States or Europe.

Secondly, like the elite senior high schools, the elite universities are meritocratic. The great majority of universities are public institutions, receiving substantial government subsidies. Again, as with the senior high schools, fees are quite low, and loans are available to defray expenses. In principle and to a considerable extent in practice, any young Japanese can get into the University of Tokyo, or one of the other elite universities, provided only that he or she is talented enough and is prepared to do the work necessary to pass the entrance examinations. Knowing this, the public believes that *all* the most talented young Japanese go to one of these universities —and, conversely, that anyone who fails to get into one of these schools is necessarily less bright. Avoiding this stigma is, of course, a further incentive for the student to work hard to get in.

THE THIRD SIGNIFICANT FACTOR responsible for the high educational standards in Japan is competition among schools. This operates principally among the senior high schools, and what they are competing for is academic reputation. The most prestigious senior high school in Japan is Kansei in Tokyo, and being a teacher at Kansei is something like being a professor at Harvard. The teachers' self-esteem is bound up with the academic reputation of their schools—a powerful motivator for teachers to teach well.

In addition to this important factor of self-esteem, there is practical necessity. Since students are free to attend any school they can get into, if a school failed to provide good-quality teaching, it would no longer attract students. In business terms, its customers would fade away, and it would be forced to close. Thus the essential feature of the competition among the Japanese senior high schools is that it exposes the teachers to the discipline of the free-enterprise system. In the case of the public senior high schools, the system can be regarded as a form of market socialism in which the competing institutions are state-owned but nevertheless compete against each other for their customers. Here the Japanese have been successfully operating the kind of system that Mikhail Gorbachev may be feeling his way toward introducing in the Soviet Union. The Japanese private senior high schools add a further capitalist element to the system insofar as they offer their educational services more or less like firms operating in a conventional market.

The problem of how market disciplines can be brought to bear on schools has been widely discussed in America and also in Britain ever since Milton Friedman raised it a quarter of a century or so ago, but solutions such as Friedman's voucher proposal seem as distant today as they did then. Although the proposal has been looked at sympathetically by Republicans in the United States and by Conservatives in Britain, politicians in both countries have fought shy of introducing it. Probably they have concluded that the problems of getting vouchers into the hands of all parents, and dealing with losses, fraud, counterfeits, and so forth, are likely to be too great for the scheme to be feasible.

The Japanese have evolved a different method of exposing schools to market forces. Subsidies are paid directly to the schools on a per-capita basis in accordance with the number of students they have. If a school's rolls decline, so do its incomes, both from subsidies and from fees. This applies to both the public and private senior high schools, although the public schools obviously receive a much greater proportion of their income as subsidies and a smaller proportion from fees.

A similar scheme is being introduced in Britain. The Thatcher government is currently bringing in legislation that will permit public schools to opt out of local-authority control. Those that opt out will receive subsidies from the central government on the basis of the number of students they have. They will then be on their own, to sink or swim.

There is little doubt that this is the route that should be followed in America. The exposure of American schools to the invigorating stimulus of competition, combined with the introduction of a national curriculum and the provision of stronger incentives for students, would work wonders. Rather than complaining about Japanese aggressiveness and instituting counterproductive protectionist measures, Americans ought to be looking to the source of Japan's power. □

"Just hold it a minute right there. I don't know if I'd go so far as to call her a 'significant other.'"

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THE UNGARBLED WORD

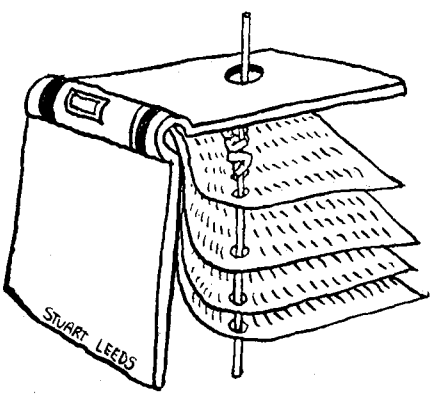
Chilton Williamson Jr.

Flannery O'Connor: Collected Works, selected and annotated by Sally Fitzgerald (Library of America, 1,281 pp., $30)

THE INCLUSION of Flannery O'Connor in the Library of America series—she and William Faulkner are the only two contemporary writers represented there to date—inevitably prompts an official appraisal, as it were, of the literary stature of the woman Marion Montgomery has called "this remarkable creature who lived and flourished on a middle-Georgia farm," dead these 24 years. In most of the reviews I have looked at, the reviewer handles the word "great" as gingerly as if it were a diamond pin he was thinking of presenting to a favorite mistress and replaces it finally, after further consideration, on the velvet. Greatness in a writer is as elusive and indefinable a quality as beauty in a woman, though Mr. Montgomery, in his book *The Prophetic Poet and the Spirit of the Age: Why Flannery O'Connor Stayed Home*, goes so far as—or no further than—to say this: "If Flannery O'Connor's poetry lacks the grandeur we find in Shakespeare, it does not lack a profundity, a vision worthy of comparison." Was Miss O'Connor a "great" writer—a writer, that is, to be placed squarely in the company of Hawthorne and James, Hemingway and Faulkner? I believe that she was. Of one thing, though, I have no doubt at all: great writer or not, she was consistently one of the finest literary artists to appear in this (or any) country in this century.

Flannery O'Connor died in 1964 at the age of 39, having written two short novels, two collections of short stories, and a number of occasional prose essays, most of them on the art of fiction-writing (read these pithy, witty, and clairvoyant pieces and you won't need to bother with the James *Prefaces*) and posthumously edited and published as *Mystery and Manners* by Sally and Robert Fitzgerald. These, in addition to several unanthologized stories and the better part of Miss O'Connor's wonderful letters (including 21 published here for the first time), make up the present volume, which represents virtually the entire published *œuvre* and which totals, with Mrs. Fitzgerald's annotations, 1,281 pages.

Even from a writer who didn't make forty, that is no large body of work: Miss O'Connor worked slowly and painstakingly and within a closely circumscribed thematic, social, and emotional range. On the other hand, when we consider the debilitating effects of her fatal disease (*lupus erythematosus*), which resulted necessarily in her "staying home," and the retardant ones imposed by her formulated aesthetics, it is hard to see how it could—or should—have been otherwise. She worked consciously as a prose poet, in a medium she liked to insist upon as an "incarnational" art. Faulkner, who was capable of writing thousands of words a day of high-flying Dixie-Shakespearean prose, was ordinarily about 45 per cent efficient as an artist; Miss O'Connor, laboring painfully four hours a day, about 95 per cent. Almost nothing in her work is unintentional; nearly everything has a place and a meaning, pointing to another significance, which is another way of saying that it operates on two levels of existence at once. An O'Connor production, whether a short story or a novel, is as compressed as a diamond, a reduction of life—however narrow a slice of it—to essences. In a letter to the anonymous "A.," with whom she corresponded regularly during the last nine years of her life, she praises the bulldog in Katherine Anne Porter's *Ship of Fools* as "essence of bulldog." She might have been speaking of her own work, in which we find essence of grandmother, essence of farm widow, essence of hired man, essence of malevolent child, essence of progressive schoolteacher, essence of Wellesley graduate. As a poet, she naturally lacks the novelistic expansion of Thackeray, James, or Dos Passos (who, had they tied themselves to her principles of fictional construction, would be fitting together the bits of their poetic—and unpublished—mosaics in Purgatory); correlatively, she makes up for it with the modern poet's own kind of inclusiveness. "The longer you look at one object," she wrote, "the more of the world you see in it; and it's well to remember that the serious fiction-writer always writes about



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the whole world, no matter how limited his particular scene." By continuing to develop the poetic sensibility of modernist literature while discarding the formal experimentalism of the Joyce-Woolf-Faulkner-García Márquez school, she made herself the most successful American practitioner of post-modernism in fiction; not the official Post-Modernism as represented variously by minimalists like Raymond Carver or freaks like Thomas Pynchon, but a lay version running parallel to it, while infinitely transcending it.

According to Miss O'Connor, "the chief difference between the novelist who is an orthodox Christian and the novelist who is merely a naturalist is that the Christian novelist lives in a larger universe. He believes that the natural world contains the supernatural. And this doesn't mean that his obligation to portray the natural is less; it means that it is greater." Miss O'Connor herself was a Catholic, as orthodox as you can get; her theological position is one, as Montgomery has remarked, "which nineteenth- and twentieth-century aestheticism assumed itself rid of." Christian dogma, she insisted, "frees the storyteller to observe. It is not a set of rules which fixes what he sees in the world. It affects his writing primarily by guaranteeing his respect for mystery"—which, combined with an interest in "manners," was in her opinion what the writing of fiction is about. A self-described "realist of distances," she uses metaphor as a means of juxtaposing two countries and of providing windows through which one—the unknown—may be glimpsed from the familiar other. You do not need to travel in the vicinity of Milledgeville, Georgia, to appreciate the aptness and power of her primary metaphors—the sun, a white hole in the sky; a line of red sunset cloud, a clay road; a dark line of trees, a threatening wall on the far side of a pasture—but to do so is, as she herself put it in a quite different context, "an added blow."

While she never wrote except as a Catholic, Miss O'Connor was not a "Catholic novelist" in the sense that Graham Greene, who frequently includes Catholic characters and explicitly Catholic themes in his work, is one. She defined a Catholic novel as "a Catholic mind looking at anything" in a novelistic way; her own characters are drawn from the Southern Protestant majority and most of them violently deny or defy supernatural reality, or are oblivious to it. Her theme is that spiritual wasteland, the modern world, and the stunted, warped, and frustrated spirituality it has produced in modern man, who has become incapable of seeing himself as, in Donne's phrase, "a little world made cunningly of elements, and an angelic sprite." The Word has become nearly invisible, or inaudible, and when it does manage to get through it is usually garbled. A good deal of the humor in O'Connor is in the deadpan transcription of mispronunciations and verbal inaccuracies; my own favorite instance being in *Wise Blood*, when Haze, who has inquired of the truck driver for directions to the city zoo, is in turn asked, "Did you exscape from there?" The sprite who does not know himself to be a sprite, denying his spriteliness, is not a whole man but a freak whom the artist has not only to depict but even to address as such: "To the hard of hearing you shout, and for the almost-blind you draw large and startling figures."

Figuratively speaking, most of Flannery O'Connor's characters are blind *and* deaf; like most deaf people, they are also subject to irritableness raised to the power of hostility. O'Connor (as my friend J. O. Tate has noted) is a poet of negative emotions whose perversity provides another rich vein of grim comedy, particularly in female children of about the age of 12 who may be suspected of representing dramatized portraits of the author at that age. In many of her people this negativity has a positive dimension: it is anger—even anger unto violence—in service to the Good which is everywhere ignored or denied. The protagonist in "A Temple of the Holy Ghost"—she is identified only as "the child"—is an excellent example of the positivism of negativism, as is of course young Tarwater, the prophet *malgré lui*, in the perfectly titled second novel, *The Violent Bear It Away*. Miss O'Connor remarked once that, as a Catholic, she was unable to leave a character or situation hanging: there must be resolution; a soul is either saved or lost. "There is a moment in every great story," she says, "in which the presence of grace can be felt as it waits to be accepted or rejected, even though the reader may not recognize this moment." And again: "I have found . . . from reading my own

RANDOM NOTES

☐ Coming in November: *Final Disclosure: The Full Truth about the Assassination of President Kennedy* (Scribner's, $19.95), by David W. Belin, who was a counsel to the Warren Commission, argues that the full truth has been known for a quarter-century. There was no conspiracy, Oswald had no accomplices, and Jack Ruby shot him in order that the President's widow would not have to suffer through the ordeal of a trial. Belin's account of the Rockefeller Commission, which investigated the CIA and of which he was executive director, is interesting and does contain new material. . . . In *The Senator Must Die: The Murder of Robert F. Kennedy* (Roundtable, $22.95), Robert D. Morrow, formerly under contract with the CIA in its anti-Castro operation, argues that Kennedy was shot by two members of the Iranian secret police to prevent him from winning the Presidency and halting support to the Shah, a secret Nixon supporter.

Americans at War, 1975-1986: An Era of Violent Peace (Presidio, $24.95), by Daniel P. Bolger, is a vindication of the U.S. armed forces since Vietnam, which, Bolger says, have fought bravely and effectively in episodes ranging from the retaking of the *Mayagüez* and its crew in 1975, to the Grenada invasion in 1983, and the operation against Libya in 1986.

In *Jerry Falwell* v. *Larry Flynt: The First Amendment on Trial* (St. Martin's, $18.95), Rodney A. Smolla, who co-authored an *amicus curiae* brief to the Supreme Court that led to the reversal of a $200,000 damage award to Falwell in compensation for an outrageous *Hustler* piece about him, explains the *real* meaning of a pluralistic society and the Constitution that governs it.

Eternal Landscape: Utah, Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico (Knopf, $60), by Emil Schulthess, with a text by Sigmund Widmer, contains 63 marvelous photographs of deserts, cliffs, gorges, dunes, and mountains of the American Southwest. As Jim Bridger said of the northern Rockies, "You can see so much farther [there]."

☐ Left Over from October: *A Life of Its Own: The Politics and Power of Water* (Harcourt, Brace, $20.95), by Robert Gottlieb, a member of the Metropolitan Water Board of Southern California, is an interesting book about the relationship between the private water industry and the public water agencies and its effects upon water development, water use, and environmental strategy. —CW

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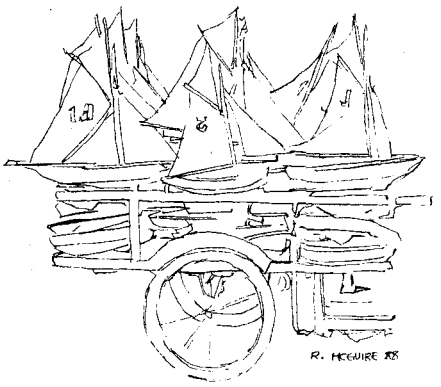

writing, that my subject in fiction is the action of grace in territory held largely by the devil."

Flannery O'Connor was an exceptionally well-read woman not only in literature but, particularly, in theology and philosophy. Marion Montgomery and other critics have emphasized the influence of Eric Voegelin on her understanding of the contemporary world and, through it, on her art. Montgomery writes:

> A principal cause of the divisive ideological wars which Voegelin has so perceptively demonstrated to us in book after book is that our hungry eyes have proved bigger than our stomachs, to use a country figure such as Miss O'Connor was fond of appropriating to large questions. We are wracked by unrestrained visions of a conquest of the world by reason on the one hand and by the heart on the other, having long since convinced ourselves that heart and head are at the absolute disposal of the individual conscience, whose first cause is consciousness itself. Our spiritual state of arrested development is accompanied by a confusing spectacle.

Readers familiar with Miss O'Connor's alienated intellectual types like Hulga in "Good Country People" and Asbury Fox in "The Enduring Chill," and with the humorless progressive ones (Sheppard in "The Lame Shall Enter First" and Rayber in *The Violent Bear It Away*), will have no difficulty making a connection between O'Connor the artist and Voegelin the political philosopher. Flannery O'Connor was nobody's "conservative" making a case for the status quo, for the modern democratic-capitalist world. To the contrary, money-getting, "business values," and Progress as it is understood by Rotary and the sponsors of Miss Gum Spirits of Turpentine—as well as by activist priests and atheist social workers—are frequent objects of her wit and sarcasm. She was a reactionary, as defined once by Kenneth Minogue—"someone with a clear and comprehensive vision of the ideal world we have lost"—although the realist in her would probably have balked at the word "ideal." ("People's suffering," this much-suffering woman wrote to a friend, "tears us up now in a way that in a healthier age it did not"; and, "Everybody, as far as I am concerned, is The Poor.") Nevertheless, rereading (for the *n*th time) this past summer both novels and most of the stories, I was struck less by the prophetic aspect of her work and more by the moralistic one. Miss O'Connor considered herself a direct literary descendant of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and indeed there are marked similarities in their art. In a famous passage from "The Life You Save May Be Your Own," Mr. Shiftlet tells the old woman, " 'There's one of these doctors in Atlanta that's taken a knife and cut the human heart—the human heart . . . out of a man's chest and held it in his hand . . . and studied it like it was a day-old chicken, and lady, . . . he don't know no more about it than you or me. . . . What you want to bet?' " Flannery O'Connor knew how to study the human heart like it was a day-old chicken, and you can bet she knew a lot more about it than the old woman or Mr. Shiftlet or the heart surgeon from Atlanta—perhaps even more than Professor Voegelin. Not only did she know how to study it, she knew how to draw its portrait to a T.

For a conscientious artist, surely one of the most terrible lines in literature is this one from *The Violent Bear It Away*: "He knew that he was called to be a prophet and that the ways of his prophecy would not be remarkable." Flannery O'Connor, when she died at 39, must have known, despite her genuine humility and an awareness of what she described as her "poverty of means," that, many being called and few chosen, she was among those selected for a truly remarkable prophecy. She lived after all in a larger universe than do most modern writers, and nearly all modern novelists. How could her own small books not loom ultimately larger than theirs?

SALLY FITZGERALD, here as in *The Habit of Being* (Farrar, Straus, 1979), a selection of Miss O'Connor's letters, has done a superior job of annotation and general editing. The "Note on the Texts" is exemplary scholarship, while the "Chronology" is a capsulated preview of the long-awaited biography which, I am told, is now a promissory speck on the horizon. □

MADWOMEN IN THE ATTIC

Jane Larkin Crain

No Man's Land: The Place of the Woman Writer in the Twentieth Century, Vol. I: The War of the Words, by Sandra M. Gilbert and Susan Gubar (Yale, 320 pp., $22.95)

SOME TWENTY YEARS ago, I overheard several black students at my alma mater arguing over the dates of the French Revolution. After a bit of fruitless controversy, one of them settled the matter by exclaiming, "Oh, what difference does it make? They're all white centuries anyway!"

In the years that have intervened since the late 1960s, of course, this ideologically motivated scorn for history has become a force of corruption throughout our institutions of what used to be called higher learning. Scholars of the humanities, having for decades volunteered as handmaidens of the social sciences, have by now abdicated their authority as guardians of a timeless interpretative dialogue on the highest wisdom and values.

Nowhere has the seemingly inexorable politicization of philosophy and the arts taken a firmer hold than in the minds of literary critics, who themselves scaled the barricades of political "relevance" during the late 1960s, eagerly proclaiming that only a literature that could be put to the service of leftist ideology—it really was that crudely held—was worth the having.

In an academic community that was seriously willing to wring its hands over "what *The Brothers Karamazov* has to do with Vietnam," bastard concerns of various stripes quickly gained tacit legitimacy; none met with more patronizing deference on the part of the academy than "women's studies," as colleges scrambled to make room in their curricula for courses "relevant" to women—Plato, Aristotle, and the rest now being apparently (*pace* more

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- **Q** **Robert Heilbroner:** *Business Civilization in Decline* (55 min.)
- **R** **Ivan Illich:** *The Deschooled Society* (33 min.)
- **S** **Groucho Marx:** *Fast Mind, Faster Mouth* (60 min.)
- **T** **Ashley Montagu:** *The Nature of Human Nature* (48 min.)
- **U** **Alan Paton:** *On Apartheid* (37 min.)
- **V** **Carl Rogers:** *Toward a Science of the Person* (65 min.)
- **W** **Arthur Schlesinger:** *The Imperial Presidency* (56 min.)
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than a century of legitimate reform of the education of women) once again the exclusive province of white males.

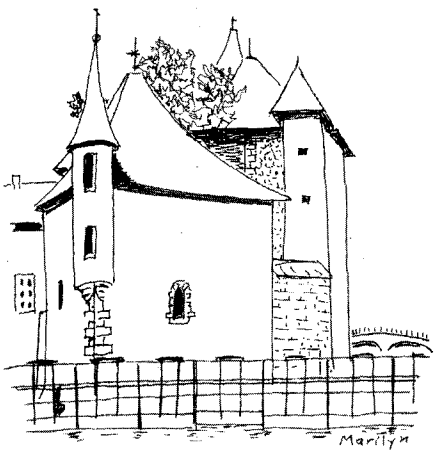
By now, "women's studies" has hardened into the promulgation of a doctrinaire feminism that is stunningly vulgar and reductive in its attitudes toward art and experience alike. It is as an exemplar of this assault on literature that the work of Sandra Gilbert and Susan Gubar—prominent "feminist critics" at Princeton and Indiana University respectively—must be read, since, in themselves, their critical offerings are a gibberish of sloppy scholarship, tasteless judgments, and a monomaniacal world view that is as preposterous as it is deleterious.

Professors Gilbert and Gubar's first joint work was *The Madwoman in the Attic* (1979). In that volume, they constructed a literary world in which women writers were engaged in a desperate strategy of rebellion against the monstrous oppression of "patriarchy." In their next venture, Professors Gilbert and Gubar produced the *Norton Anthology of Literature by Women* (1985), a collection of writings from the Middle Ages to the twentieth century, whose omissions and inclusions make sense only when seen in the light of the editors' relentless ideologizing. To say that this tome is "anti-canonical" is to say the least, as hacks and scribblers are accorded the same stature as great artists, and a given writer's inconsequential works may be emphasized at the expense of more important but less politically useful ones.

In *The War of the Words* (the first in a projected three-volume series entitled *No Man's Land*), the punishing exercise continues, as Professors Gilbert and Gubar blunder their way from Austen to Brontë, Dickinson to Eliot, Hawthorne to Wharton in search of documentation for their central thesis, which seems to be that modernism arose as a result of male anxiety over the entrance of women into public and literary life, and that the expression of this phase of the "battle of the sexes" was the essential business of modernist and post-modernist writers.

Of the great formal experiments and discoveries of literary modernists, *The War of the Words* has nothing to say. Nor do its authors recognize, much less reflect on, the twilight of a coherent and knowable world of meaning that the movement chronicles. Instead, relying, like its predecessors, on a monochromatic and leveling approach to writers of widely different styles, temperaments, and visions, this book pounces on every reference to gender it can ferret out, consistently ignores the subtleties and complexities with which great literature reflects and enhances the human drama, and paints a portrait of the relationship between men and women based exclusively on rage, victimization, and biological antipathy. For example, in Professors Gilbert and Gubar's reading of *Ulysses*, Joyce's masterpiece is reduced to a "reaction-formation of intensified misogyny"; of Leopold Bloom's irrepressible humanity, of Molly Bloom's ecstatic affirmations, not a word. Similarly, Edith Wharton's spine-tingling dissection of manipulation and loss in *Ethan Frome* is trivialized, as if it were some present-day women's-liberationist whine, as an exposition of "the issue of what women could realistically expect to attain and at what cost."

Of course, in proposing that regardless of their achievements women writers are first and foremost slaves of their gender, incapable of participating in a tradition that does not focus exclusively on their private psychic distresses, in need of their own literary tradition and even language, Professors Gilbert and Gubar offer a considerable insult to their sisters. But such is the through-the-looking-glass character of our advanced age that to describe women as reactive victims is to exalt them; to cut women writers and readers off from a fully imagined articulation of experience is to do them a service. Although the corruption of language and literature is the primary achievement of *The War of the Words*, this infantilizing of the sex they purport to champion is a not inconsequential by-product of their toils. □



THE RANGE OF RELEVANCE

Joseph Sobran

Conservative Thoughts, edited by Roger Scruton (Claridge, 339 pp., $27)

Conservative Thinkers, edited by Roger Scruton (Claridge, 323 pp., $27)

THE ESSAYS in the twin volumes *Conservative Thoughts* and *Conservative Thinkers* are taken from *The Salisbury Review*, an English quarterly whose editor, Roger Scruton, is one of England's leading young conservative theorists. (The description stands even without the word "young.")

The dust-jacket calls the *Review* "Britain's most notorious intellectual journal." It's a haven for Reactionary Ideas and Politically Incorrect Thought that has sprung into existence under the pressure of Marxist intellectual tyranny. The belligerent assertions of Marxism haunt the pages of both books.

But unlike American conservatives, who tend to settle for "refuting" Marx by pointing out the superiority of Western to Communist economies, the Salisburians take Marx very seriously and try to answer him and his avatars thoroughly on every level. The effort is rewarding. Not only is Marx too powerful to be snubbed or dismissed; the political power and appeal of Marxism to the alienated intellectual has generated a whole style of looking at the world that we can recognize even in the lineaments of schools of thought that in America carry other labels: liberal, feminist, and so forth. Marxism remains the generic ideology, the systematic reductionism designed to delegitimate and destroy all the characteristic forms of Western life.

Every one of these essays deserves to be pondered separately. But since there are 42 of them, it would take all my space here even to list them. I can only say that these two books amount to a whole school of thought that American conservatives ought to acquaint themselves with, and quickly, too.

Conservative Thinkers is full of surprises. Johnson, Burke, Hayek, Voegelin, and Oakeshott are studied, of course. But so are Shakespeare, Hume, and Jane Austen, not to mention Jo-

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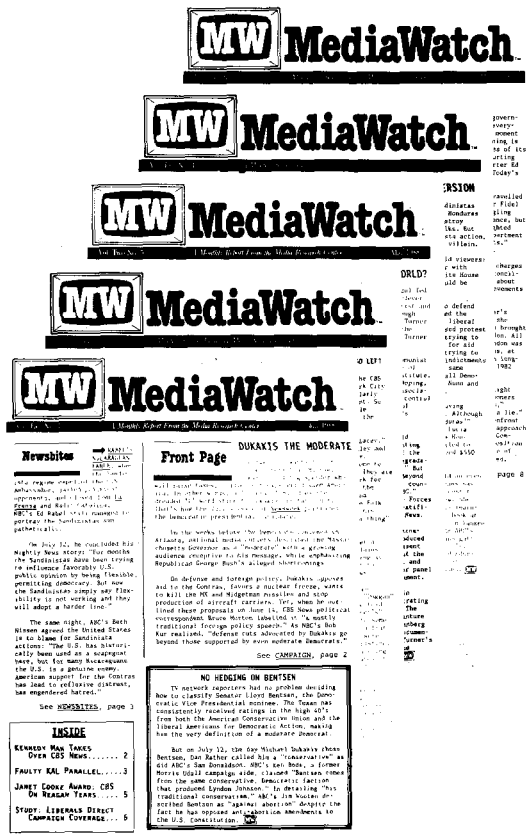

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seph de Maistre, Louis de Bonald, and Santayana. Though Russell Kirk included Santayana in the pantheon of *The Conservative Mind*, American conservatives have continued to neglect him.

R. A. D. Grant's essay on Shakespeare deserves special mention. It is a seminal piece of work, the germ of what should be a great book (now in progress). Grant steps past the various interpretations that see Shakespeare as proto-Tory, proto-Marxist, or simply apolitical Observer of Mankind, and shows a definite commitment, implicit in most of the great plays, to a specific view of civil society. It's often been observed that Shakespeare's villains tend to be rationalists; Grant shows how they are forerunners of modern ideologues, men of subversive intelligence who cunningly undermine the social-moral givens that a properly human life depends on. By showing that Shakespeare consciously anticipated the baneful possibilities we know from subsequent experience, Grant opens astounding new vistas: one might think we had pretty well taken Shakespeare's measure by now, however much we may admire him.

Ian Crowther rescues Johnson from the charge commonly leveled by progressives, that his conservatism can be laid to his neuroses: "I do not know of anyone attempting to explain away Johnson's abhorrence of slavery or his concern for the poor or his hatred for the eighteenth-century penal system by reference to the dark side of his personality." Bull's-eye.

Angela Ellis-Jones freshens up the conventional image of John Henry Newman by citing his benign view of the effects of the free market. It's odd to learn that Newman greatly influenced the French anarchist Georges Sorel.

Conservative Thoughts is full of unexpected reflections on language, sex, royalty, death, and such apparently unpolitical topics as "forgiveness" and "taste." These are thinkers who refuse to play on ideology's closed field.

Consider Ray Honeyford on "Education and Race": "By exploiting the enormous tolerance traditional in this country, the race lobby has managed so to induce and maintain feelings of guilt in the well-disposed majority, that decent people are not only afraid of voicing certain thoughts, they are uncertain even of their right to think them. . . . The term 'racism,' for instance, functions not as a word with which to create insight, but as a slogan designed to suppress constructive thought. It conflates prejudice and discrimination, and thereby denies a crucial conceptual distinction. . . . The word 'black' has been perverted. Every non-white is now, officially, 'black,' be he Indian, Pakistani, or Vietnamese. This gross and offensive dichotomy has an obvious purpose: the creation of an atmosphere of anti-white solidarity."

In a similar vein, Sally Shreir reflects on the manipulative quality of Marxist rhetoric: "There is no possibility of dissent, not least because there is no possibility of assent. A slogan, by its very nature, defies belief and replaces it with overt articulation and submission. One cannot believe in the 'dictatorship of the proletariat' because, in isolation, one cannot understand what it means, and if one did understand one would never be persuaded to believe it."

The prose is sometimes heavy going, partly because the challenge posed by the slogan-mongers forces the writers to be unnaturally precise. But the substance of the Salisburians always repays the occasional difficulty of reading them. Both these books are feasts of free thought, not only reasonable but marvelously attentive and sensitive to the full range of considerations that are truly relevant to politics. The essays don't form a neat pattern; they go off every which way, and whether a coherent philosophy can be gleaned from them is anybody's guess. But this doesn't diminish their value as fresh explorations, antidotes to the brutal resolutions of ideology. □

HOMO DUPLEX

M. D. Aeschliman

Sigmund Freud's Christian Unconscious, by Paul C. Vitz (Guilford, 287 pp., $19.95)

"OF MAKING MANY books there is no end," Ecclesiastes tells us; but not many are as well made as Paul Vitz's new book on Freud. It is, in fact, a great book, enormously but unpretentiously learned, immensely judicious, and concerned with issues of the utmost importance.

It is Vitz's thesis that Freud was obsessed with religion and, more specifically, with Roman Catholic Christianity—largely and initially because of the devoutly Catholic Moravian nanny he had during the first three years of his life. Vitz shows that during these years Freud suffered neglect from his mother. He also argues that Freud's hatred and shame toward his weak, distant, and unsuccessful father—who was probably cuckolded by one of his own sons—may well have provided the stimulus for Freud's doctrine of the Oedipus complex.

It should not for a moment be thought that Vitz's book is a piece of crude Freud-bashing, however much its evidence and argument weaken any claims for the scientific status of Freud's system. Vitz has very considerable respect for what he calls Freud's "intellectual courage," if not for his consistency or authority as a *scientist*. "As the scientific pretensions of psychoanalysis are removed through criticism [as in books by Roazen, Szasz, Grunfeld, and Masson]," he writes, "perhaps its pervasive literary and religious character will be more widely understood and publicly acknowledged." The scientistic, dogmatic aspect of Freudianism has been often noted, but Vitz states its implication with an impressive clarity: "In some respects psychoanalysis developed as a kind of anti-Christian gnostic cult."

Equally impressive are the detail and judiciousness of Vitz's demonstration that what Fromm called the "greatness and limitations of Freud's thought" were rooted in Freud's own biography. The young Freud's experience with the Moravian nanny and his painful separation from her left an indelible impression on him—an hypothesis Vitz illustrates in dramatic and cogent detail. Freud became obsessed with two major focal points of Christian consciousness: Rome and Easter. Freud loved Rome and visited it often; furthermore,

> He wanted to go to Rome on Easter—not at any old time, but at the quintessentially Christian season. He referred to his visits as making him into a pilgrim. While in Rome, he spent much of his time in Christian edifices admiring Christian art. He spoke of Rome with great fondness (indeed, as this "divine town"); he said he never felt himself to be a stranger in Rome; he told of its constant capacity to renew his zest for life.

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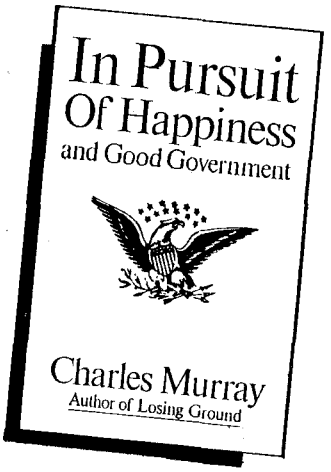

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Vitz documents this obsession with Rome and Easter in detail, and he applies Freud's own logic about "repression" in his discussion of Freud's conscious and explicit hostility to Christianity. He grants Thomas Szasz's point that "one of Freud's most powerful motives in life was the desire to inflict vengeance on Christianity for its traditional anti-Semitism," but even here he shows Freud's profound ambivalence. A major example is Freud's great, lifelong hostility to *Judaism* as a religion. This anti-Judaism gave intense pain to beleaguered, believing Jews when, in that ominous year 1939, Freud published *Moses and Monotheism*. As if to highlight its antagonism to Jewish belief, this book contains, Vitz shows, some of Freud's "most unequivocally pro-Christian" remarks.

Of course on the conscious level Freud was frequently and notoriously hostile to theism itself, seeing it as "a universal obsessional neurosis"; yet, describing himself, he wrote to Jung, "I must claim for myself the class 'obsessive.' " Here, as so often, Vitz shows Freud to be an almost archetypal "homo duplex." In Freud's speculations about the basis of ethics, eventually published in *Totem and Taboo* (1913), he wrote, again to Jung, "The source of taboo and hence also of conscience is ambivalence." Vitz narrates this ambivalence biographically, showing the prime importance in Freud's life of the Catholic nanny, but also of the Catholic philosopher Franz Brentano and of the Swiss Protestant pastor and psychoanalyst Oskar Pfister, Freud's lifelong friend. The Freud who emerges from these pages is a more complex and human figure than the standard atheistic, Olympian intellectual *conquistador*—successor to Feuerbach and Nietzsche—who is loved, or loathed, according to one's point of view.

Along with Ernest Becker's *The Denial of Death* and Philip Rieff's *Freud: The Mind of the Moralist*, this book ought to take its place on the small shelf of great books treating of or inspired by Freud. If Vitz is not a member of the worshipful company of Freudians, neither is he a simplistic debunker. Modest and painstakingly judicious, his book is one of the most distinguished works of modern scholarship that I have ever read, and it deserves readers not only within but far beyond the university (and the church). □

FILM

SEVEN TYPES OF EXIGUITY

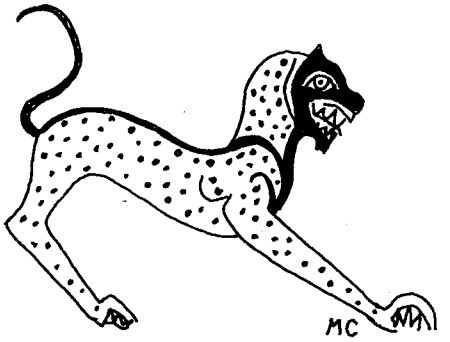
John Simon

IT IS ALMOST impossible to make a serious movie in Hollywood these days. (Actually, it wasn't much easier before.) If the idea is a potentially good one, such as that of *Running on Empty*, the following requirements are sure to reduce it to pap by the time it comes off the production line.

1. The picture *must not offend anyone*. The story of Arthur and Annie Pope, who bombed a government-sponsored laboratory that made napalm for the Vietnam War, and who have been living on the run with their two sons, was triggered by the actual bombing of the mathematics building at the University of Wisconsin, where a graduate student, working late, was killed. In the movie, the victim was a janitor (less valuable than a grad student), and he was only blinded and crippled (no actual blood on the Popes' hands): the Popes need the blessing and forgiveness of the audience.

2. It must have *something for everyone*. Let's make Artie Jewish because so many radicals were, including, I dare say, the film's director (Sidney Lumet) and writer (Naomi Foner) and their families, as well as many moviegoers. Let's, however, be sure to make Annie not only Christian but also a runaway debutante—a WASP formerly in best standing—so we can make sure of the rest of the audience, especially those proper Republicans whose children rebel.

Weathermen and such, who went in for bombing and then went underground, were not burdened with offspring; but a whole family on the lam makes the movie a family picture, commercially very desirable. If the family survives by changing towns, names, low-paying jobs—well, that makes them appealing to the proletarians in the audience. If we see them moving from Florida to New Jersey, if a few scenes are shot in New York City streets, this makes the movie saleable abroad as a quasi-travelogue. But just how deadly dull those jobs—Annie's as a doctor's receptionist, Artie's as a short-order cook—are must not be gone into.



3. Some element in the film must make it *attractive to youth*, the biggest group of moviegoers. So it is 17-year-old Dan Pope who becomes the center of attention: he is a musical genius. With initial lessons from his mother and constant practice on a portable soundless keyboard, he can elicit from a briefly encountered Steinway the most gorgeous Beethoven or Chopin. So, at his latest school, Mr. Phillips, his music teacher, wants to recommend him for Juilliard, and the boy is itching to go. But he loves his boorish, unreconstructedly and infantilely radical father too much to leave him. What keeps volatile Artie going in his underground existence is a loving wife and boy (Harry, the younger, is only ten and not yet supportive).

But today's young, divided as they are, don't just want an obedient, respectful son; they also need a rebel. So the movie provides one from column B. Mr. Phillips's daughter, Lorna, who falls for Dan as he does for her, is a hellion who treats her doting, cowed father with exemplary disrespect. Let him so much as enter her room without knocking and he gets her lip, if not the back of her hand. This elicits Dan's admiration, even as the sticky cohesion of the Pope family stirs up Lorna's longings. The formulaic, manipulative script manages to have it both ways.

4. Indeed, the film must *have it both ways* about everything. Though Dan is a studious, dedicated classical pianist, he is not some sort of acned, highbrow nerd. No, as played by handsome and virile River Phoenix, he plays baseball and knows pop music, too; he will even tap his foot when Mr. Phillips plays some of it in music-appreciation class. (If high-school classes are indeed as much fun as shown here, we are in serious trouble.)

Notice especially how "the Revolution" is treated in the movie. The

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laboratory bombing emerges as a one-time lark that accidentally went sour. Since then the three (later four) Popes have been living in close harmony, with only Arthur inveighing against capitalist evils such as the chamber-music concert he wants to keep Dan from attending. Warm remembrance of flings past surfaces when, at Annie's birthday party, the Popes and Lorna dance to James Taylor's "Fire and Rain" in the most down-home American way, complete with victrola, paper hats, candle blowing, and inexpensive presents as prescribed by Artie, either found (sea shells) or homemade (whales carved from bits of wood).

Dan, 17, and Harry, ten, driven from pillar to post in the family van, remain pure as the driven snow despite all that name-changing, hair-dyeing, having to drop everything and run from the Feds. No school problems, drug problems, sibling rivalry. How they manage to get into new schools each time without records from the former ones (*We lost our papers in a fire*), how new passports and identities are acquired by their parents—not to mention how wages are paid in cash—is adumbrated but not made believable. The kids don't even know what their parents' crime was or who their grandparents are until they find out from a newspaper article; but none of this makes them neurotic or intractable.

Yet tormented Arthur does needlessly heckle, yell at, boss around dutiful Dan—the one bad effect the underground life seems to have. But, never fear, he can also be wonderfully understanding: "You sleep with [Lorna]?" "Yeah." "Okay. Now hit the sack; you've got school tomorrow."

5. The film needs to *appear daring* while playing it safe. So Annie tells her staunchly conventional millionaire father, whom she meets for lunch at a fancy restaurant where he is well known (to make the scene more photogenic, though in reality such a meeting would have to be inconspicuous), that as soon as her younger son is old enough, she will give herself up, even if she cannot vouch for Artie's following suit. A good woman, truly repentant about that bombing—"Don't you think there were times when I'd have blinded and paralyzed myself to take that back?"—she doesn't permit herself the luxury of going to jail as long as maternal duty requires other-

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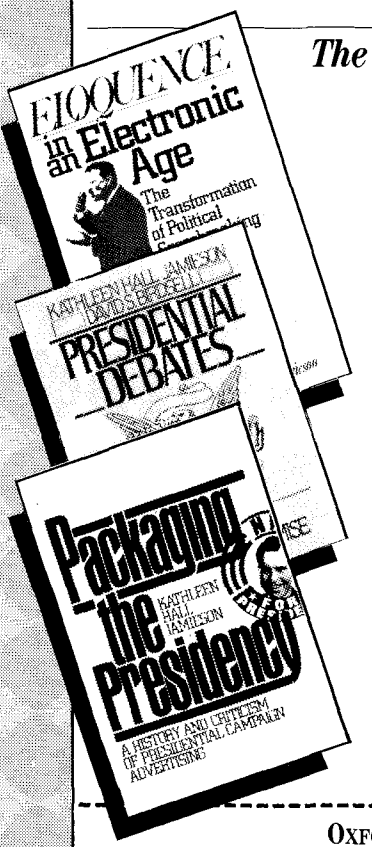
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wise. As for Artie's being less reliably repentant—isn't that a proof of the film's adultness, its sense of reality?

Talk about reality! There is also an unrepentant Sixties radical, the evil Gus Winant (played as a caricature by the untalented L. M. Kit Carson), who tries to put the make on Annie, with whom he once had an affair, even as he attempts to get the Popes to help him with a potentially murderous bank robbery by means of the arsenal he proudly displays in the trunk of his car. If Arthur is not noble enough, perhaps, ever to give himself up, at least he is superior to Gus.

6. *Tears must be jerked.* When Dan, in New York for his Juilliard audition, stumbles on his grandparents' address, he spends his scant money on a large pizza and, pretending to be the delivery boy, rings the grandparental doorbell. Grandmother answers, looks warmly at the strange, lovely boy, and offers to buy the pizza she didn't order. Dan gazes yearningly at the kindly, elegant old lady but neither accepts her money (attaboy!) nor reveals his identity (sob!). At the lunch with Daddy, Annie fights contradictory emotions but chokes back her tears. Daddy is full of reproaches, yet agrees to look after Dan should he get in-

THE RIGHT BOOKS / WAYNE LUTTON

At least since the 1920s popular culture in America has evinced a fascination with the occult. In Raymond Chandler's Los Angeles, occultism was represented more or less inclusively by Dr. Jules Amthor, Psychic Consultant, distributing business cards rolled tightly into sticks of "tea." In recent years—influenced perhaps by the writers of rock lyrics as well as, paradoxically, by the ascendancy of populist Christianity—occultism has become a more diverse phenomenon, with a strongly manifested impulse toward Satanism. Conventional publishing houses grind out novels of Satanic possession, which go on to become blockbuster movies; tabloid journals, taking up the challenge, print sensational stories on the subject: BABY WITH POINTY TAIL BORN TO UNWED MOM. Meanwhile other stories, less lurid but still disturbing, have become part of the experience of worried priests and hardboiled footpads in big-city police forces. Recently, reports have appeared of ritualized child abuse at day-care centers in California; the *New York Times* and *Los Angeles Times*, among other newspapers, have reported on the activities of Santeria, a diabolist cult imported to the United States by Cuban "refugees" in 1980. In *Cults That Kill: Probing the Underworld of Occult Crime* (Warner Books, $17.95), Larry Kahaner, former Washington correspondent for *Business Week* (a periodical you have to say is edited at an emotional level a couple of ratchets below that of the *National Enquirer*), argues that a growing number of horrifying crimes is being committed under the rubric of "Satanism."

Kahaner bases his evidence on first-hand accounts by men and women who are involved in investigating and countering these activities. He relies also on the testimony of academic researchers and upon police records and court documents—which he frequently cites—to support his contention that occult-inspired crime is a growing threat to public safety. This is a difficult sort of investigative work, only rarely involving simple cases and obvious suspects. Instead, there is a maze of secret societies such as Santeria, whose homicides are signaled by the colored beads, handful of chicken feathers, and seven coins ritualistically placed around the decapitated victim. Nevertheless we are, in Kahaner's opinion, experiencing the early swell of a cult-related crime wave. Drug- and child-selling networks run by occultists have recently come to the attention of law-enforcement agencies, while *brujería* (witchcraft) is spreading in Mexican communities throughout the United States, and at least one investigator believes Satanism to have an international component as well.

How widespread occultism is in this country is a matter of speculation. Most disturbing, perhaps, is the schematic profile of the people involved. Occultists, according to Kahaner, are frequently well-educated persons and, among whites, are typically recruited from upper- and middle-class families. One police report, reprinted here, revealed a Satanic coven headquartered in Tulsa, Oklahoma: its members included doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. One couple had sacrificed their 15-month-old child.

What apparently attracts people to Satanic groups is a desire for power over both themselves and others. As Kahaner explains: "All occult rituals revolve around one theme: summoning of supernatural power that can be used to effect a change." Dale Griffis, a leading expert on occult crime, notes that cultists employ blood ritualistically because, "According to the beliefs, blood contains the life force. . . . When you sacrifice someone, for the instant just before they die, they supposedly emit their life energy. That power, Satanists believe, can be harnessed for their use. They believe babies are best because babies are pure; they haven't sinned or been corrupted yet. . . . When you sacrifice a baby, you get greater power than if you sacrificed an adult."

It is hard to say why belief in the occult should be on the rise in America. In the past, occultism has flourished during times of cultural decadence (e.g., in France before 1789, in post-Civil War America, and in pre-Revolutionary Russia). Although members of cult groups often claim to trace the roots of their practices to ancient sources, most of what we are witnessing today is a continuation of the revival of mysticism that emerged in Europe during the nineteenth century. Kahaner cites Professor Carl Raschke, who argues that "Public Satanism, people [proclaiming] themselves to practice Satanism, is really a twentieth-century phenomenon." In earlier centuries, people who identified themselves as Satanists ran the risk of serious persecution. Today, many cult activities are considered "religious" and are thus held to be protected by the Constitution.

William Faulkner, in an uncharacteristically philosophical mood, once responded to the subject of rapid social change with the remark that, after all, tomorrow America will be "something else." Devil-worship in Yoknapatawpha County, however, was probably not what he had in mind. □

Mr. Lutton is research director at The Summit, in Manitou Springs, Colorado.

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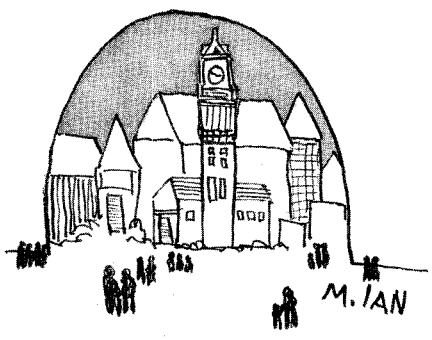
to Juilliard. As Annie leaves (without having gorged herself on food unavailable to her loved ones), tough, righteous, self-righteous Daddy erupts into strangulated sobs.

There is a farewell scene, now that it's fleeing time again, for the young lovers that won't leave a heartstring strung or a hankie unwrung, even though we can guess that Dan won't have to leave. But his parents don't just tell him this. He must sadly jump into the pick-up truck for which Artie has exchanged the van ("Keep them guessing!") and still more sadly toss out, when ordered, his beloved bike. Only then is he, for a meretricious effect, told to jump out after it and head for his grandparents' and Juilliard. Earlier we were told that the Popes blew up the lab because they wanted "to make a difference." Now Arthur tells Dan, "Go out there and make a difference," implying with a self-abnegating smile that blowing minds at Carnegie Hall does as much for social justice as blowing up labs.

7. Very little about *Running on Empty* stands up to any sort of scrutiny, and *almost none of the dialogue transcends platitude.* That, I fear, is the seventh prerequisite for a current serious movie, lest it be too demanding for today's illiterate audiences, both lower and upper class.

Judd Hirsch makes Artie's interior as unappealing as his ant-eaterish exterior. One yearns for a shred of sensitivity, a touch of charm to explain what Annie saw in him. In vain. Conversely, the excellent Christine Lahti brings genuine down-to-earth humanity to her preposterous role in a phony script. River Phoenix, as an actor, just flows along (or goes with the flow) and doesn't look like Hirsch's boy by a long shot, never mind a close-up. As Lorna, Martha Plimpton is better, but what can the kids do in scenes that, despite a fake harsh touch or two, are glowing with the aura and smell of calculated innocence? At the end, the soundtrack reprises "Fire and Rain": this is not a movie that lets go of its gaffes easily. □



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Ralph de Toledano

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Bessie Smith (BBC, distributed by Mobile Fidelity Sound, 1280 Holm Road, Petaluma, Calif. 94952): The Columbia collection of the "Empress of the Blues" has long been out of print. But here on one CD are among the best of the 160 sides this throw-'em-down blues singer recorded. A powerful voice and a moving delivery add to the poignancy of the songs Bessie sings.

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Bix Beiderbecke (BBC): Bix was a legend in his day, but even then he was all too often buried in the acres of instruments in such bands as Paul Whiteman's and Jean Goldkette's. Here he can be heard with the small recording bands which allowed his clear, clean cornet tones to call out.

Duke Ellington (BBC): The most jazz-bound period for the Duke was from the mid Twenties to the mid Thirties—the time when he first recorded such of his classics as "The Mooche," "Solitude," "Creole Love Call," and "Jubilee Stomp"—all included in this CD album. We can look forward to re-issues of "Clarinet Lament" and "Creole Rhapsody," jazz concertos for clarinet (Barney Bigard) and trumpet (Cootie Williams), and even *Reminiscing in Tempo*.

Illinois Jacquet (RCA-Bluebird): He came into jazz prominence at a time when his contemporaries were trying to prove how much smarter than the music they were. And like them, he often tried to see how many notes he could crowd into a measure. But his gruff tone was jazz all the way, and he could play with deep emotion and his feet planted solidly in the tradition. "Try Me One More Time" in this reissue shows how well he understood the language and the mood of the blues.

The Metronome All-Star Bands (RCA-Bluebird): In the heyday of the swing/jazz era, the dance-band magazine *Metronome* used to poll its readers annually as to their choice of the best sidemen. The winners were usually herded into a studio and recorded —with varying degrees of success. This recording picks up some of the best of these efforts. It includes "Blues" and "Honeysuckle Rose," and it brings together the great trumpet (in middle register) of Bunny Berigan, Tommy Dorsey playing the best trombone of his life, Fats Waller stridin' and stridin', the fine rhythm guitarist Dick McDonough, and that zany but solid drummer George Wettling. Other cuts present a veritable Who's Who of the jazz then spoken—a great and nostalgic re-evocation.

Louis Armstrong (CBS): The Hot Five records, like those of Jelly Roll Morton, were a major catalyst in developing what we call "mainstream" jazz. They caused great excitement when they were issued on the old Okeh label, and they still contain some of Armstrong's finest playing.

New Orleans (BBC): You will hear on this record the works of New Orleans musicians who took that great and germinal style up the Mississippi and gave it to the rest of the country: Jelly Roll, Armstrong, Bechet & Ladnier, the New Orleans Rhythm Kings—all fine vintage jazz.

Chicago (BBC): The Windy City was New Orleans jazz's first major port of call. It modified the style, giving us its own. Benny Goodman got his start in Chicago, as did some of the most inspired sidemen—and they are heard on this sampler.

New York (BBC): In jazz, this means Harlem, which added its own dimension to the music—a tighter and harder-driving beat and the big-band techniques that emerged during the swing era. The old timers of other cities are here, but this recording is distinguished by cuts from Duke Ellington, Chick Webb, the powerhouse Lunceford band, Fats Waller, and the Red Nichols-Miff Mole studio groups.

NOTE: Over the transom, so to speak, I received a cassette of the pianism of Max Hook, a jazz musician I had never heard of before. I have played that cassette over and over with increasing admiration and pleasure. For, to my thinking, Hook ranks among the very best of those who continue in the jazz tradition. "The music of Max Hook," one aficionado has remarked, "is what jazz is all about"—and I concur. In his eclectic approach, he combines much of the blues of James P. Johnson, the stride of Fats Waller,

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and the roll of Jess Stacy. Copies of the cassette are available from Hook himself at 6840 Hughes Street, Longboat Key, Fla. 34228. □

THE GIMLET EYE

ARRESTING GAYS

D. Keith Mano

AT ABOUT 9:15 P.M. on August 30, my police scanner came across this nervous transmission from a TV newswoman to her producer: "They're not doing what they told us they would. They were supposed to march to the precinct house. Now there's two or three hundred sitting down on Broadway at 100th Street. If I pull cable here, we'll never get back. And this is a very dramatic shot. It's a tough call. Damn, some other network people just set up."

So the house rules were announced from shot one. This was to be collaborative theater art. Any successful act of civil disobedience requires collusion between media, protest, and establishment. Here several hundred gay men and women had commandeered an unprepossessing uptown intersection. They lit candles. They shouted, with no talent for etymology, "Homophobia has to go." They wore T-shirts that said ACT UP. It was an out-take from 1968. I would've ignored them: let sparse Broadway traffic extravasate around on West End Avenue or Amsterdam. But the law, prodded, has reflexes. It will act by rote: like the stoplight, unaware of political or moral consequence, that blinked red/green nonsensically all night long.

One poster read, LAST WEEK: 2 DEAD, 4 HURT, POLICE 0. The generating event was a vicious assault on two gay men by several young hoods at 103rd and Broadway. Indeed, violence against homosexual folk is up 36 per cent so far in 1988. Two murders were also adduced as evidence of this trend, though police spokesmen hadn't yet made prejudice the governing motive. Gayness, after all, doesn't guarantee innocence: a homosexual drug dealer, say, might be killed for poor quality control, not for his sexual inclination. Gay men, of course, stand to AIDS as the Broad Street pump stood to cholera. About this there is understandable ill-feeling. We have all been inconvenienced to a degree. One of those street hoods might have lost some sexual opportunity because Miranda or Chi-Chi wouldn't do it without rubber assurance. This isn't a good time to be gay.

But the demonstration was as courteous and structured as a tea ceremony. You might call a policeman "murderer" or "gay basher," but not "pig." The officer, in turn, has been taught to aim his gaze about one inch above your head. Because there is no direct eye-eye contact, some illusion of impersonality can be maintained on either side. Police had taken a media trouncing for their recent unsportsmanlike behavior in Tompkins Square Park. On 100th Street they were firm, but cordial: a battalion of maître d's. "If you continue to sit here, sir, you will be arrested." But that's fine: arrest

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— Natan Sharansky

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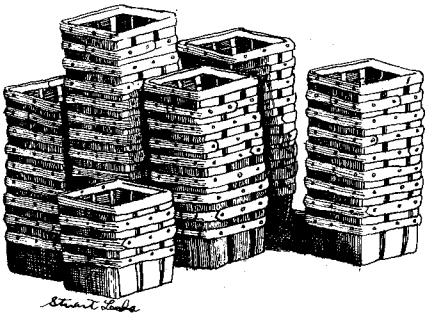
I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. (Signed) Edward A. Capano, Associate Publisher.

is one of our services, and we understand you may need a short incarceration to validate this experience. Just don't go limp all over us. It was civil catharsis: a little play with little unities.

Just what the police are supposed to do isn't quite clear—short of putting gays in some vast protective custody. On one level, sure, racism, sexism, whatever, seems to make crime more *criminal*: take my money, thrash me, but don't judge my lifestyle while you're at it. Victimhood should be equal-opportunity work. And there is a concomitant threat beneath this: if *government doesn't respond with appropriate* enthusiasm, the victim group may take vigilante action, jeopardizing all social coherence. But pure crime of any sort is rare. Females get raped because, yes, they are women: that is, genderal antagonism will amplify lust. White men are robbed, in part, because they represent a superior economic class. To give my own subgroup some print time—short men are mugged much more often than men over six foot five. But, until it is shown that an *organized* conspiracy exists against white or gay or short, no special preventive action can or should be taken by the law. Meanwhile, unpleasant as this suggestion may sound, gay men might for their own safety avoid offering provocation in comportment and dress. After all, to the casual "homophobe" they can become invisible. Which is more than short men, nine-inch elevator heels aside, will ever be.

They got busted at 11:20 P.M.—not because this gay impediment on Broadway had become intolerable by then, but because all major TV news shows were over and the *NYT* was in bed. Just one hundred chose arrest. Gay men stood arm-in-arm around them, as if challenging authority to a game of red rover. Lovers embraced. And then, after a polite request, police began cutting out the first wagon load. They went obediently enough ("Don't



arrest the victims," a crowd of one thousand shouted), all but four who lay haphazard, flaccid, acting up. Stretchers of bright orange material (to camouflage possible blood flow?) were brought out. Now, you can't tell me that, for some gays at least, this proceeding didn't titillate. Gay people have a mighty ambivalent feeling toward police. Anyone who has read homosexual porn will acknowledge that men in uniform—powerful, cruel, preferably mustached—can cause feverish imagining in gays. The four were taken up. And off they went, each with fist aloft or poster aloft, while *still lounging back, borne like a nabob* on his sedan chair by four objects of sexual longing. What your tax dollar has to subsidize in our over-conscientious time.

The mob would reconvene later, one block west, outside a precinct house on 100th Street. But, almost at once, their anger was stubbed out. Arrestee after arrestee began to pop up, each with his or her pink souvenir summons for disorderly conduct. A few were sheepish about it. Another felt annoyance: didn't he deserve more than a quarter-hour of the state's attention? But it had all gone well, really. You couldn't complain. Gays had had their moment of passionate release. The press would have a filler for page 12—tomorrow. Me, I just hope no average citizen, without pressure-group affiliation, got hurt this night because seventy or eighty cops were detailed to play villain in a round of expiation theater. □

CROZIER

(Continued from page 29)

gence (SIS) strongly suggest that Evo Fernandes was kidnapped and murdered by Department D-13 of SNASP. And what, you may ask, is SNASP? It is Frelimo's political police, trained and supervised by East Germans, and closely linked with the KGB.

This distasteful event suggests a further twist to the Mozambique/Afghanistan parallel. After all, Najibullah was the head of the KGB's Afghan equivalent, the KHAD.

It is in no sense desirable that Frelimo should come out on top in Mozambique, any more than it would be in the Western interest that the recent negotiations over "peace" in Angola should leave the Communist

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MPLA and its Cuban allies in possession of the country, and Dr. Savimbi's UNITA out in the cold.

The Anglo-U.S. policy makes sense only on the assumption that it is also considered desirable that the Communist-controlled ANC should take over in South Africa. The irony of it all is that, on recent showing, Mikhail Gorbachev realizes that the Soviets can no longer afford their imperial outposts. From their standpoint, it makes sense that the West should foot the bills. □

ARKES

(Continued from page 35)

Many possibilities begin to unfold, then, from the simple act of opening the discussion. That discussion could be initiated with the modest proposal I have outlined here, but it could be sparked with a move even simpler yet. The question of abortion is bound to rise again, in the balance of the campaign or in the next televised debate, and when it does, Mr. Bush can take the moment gently to remind the people of news that will be jolting to them. It could all be done in passing, in no more than a sentence or two: "Contrary to what you have often heard, the right to an abortion created by the courts runs well beyond the first three months of pregnancy. About 100,000 abortions are performed every year in the second trimester, and an abortion may be ordered *for any reason* up to the point—and even after—the baby emerges."

That simple news is likely to produce a spectacle as instructive and memorable as anything the public is likely to encounter on *Wheel of Fortune*. We can understand why Mr. Dukakis would not have the slightest reason for encouraging this kind of public spectacle, or inviting this discussion. But why should that reluctance be shared by George Bush? The yield of lessons to the public would promise to be vast, and Mr. Bush could find himself in the rarest of positions: he could at one and the same time render a public service, and advance his own cause, by the simple means of conveying news. □

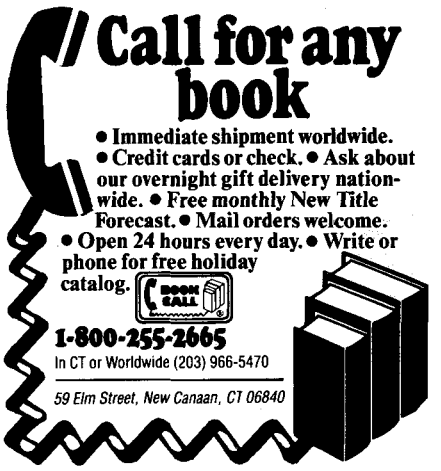
MURRAY

(Continued from page 39)

who are living at a subsistence or subsubsistence level. But I have been using "subsistence" in its original sense: enough food to be adequately nourished, plus the most basic shelter and clothing. The traditional Salvation Army shelter provides subsistence, for example. In Western countries, and perhaps especially the United States, two problems tend to confuse the issue. One is that we have forgotten what subsistence means, so that an apartment with cockroaches, broken windows, and graffiti on the walls may be thought of as barely "subsistence level," even if it also has running water, electricity, heat, a television, and a pile of discarded fast-food cartons in the corner. It might be an awful place to live (for the reasons that the South Bronx can be an awful place to live), but it bears very little resemblance to what "subsistence" means to most of the world. Secondly, we tend to confuse the way in which some poor people *use* their resources (which indeed can often leave them in a near-subsistence state) with the raw purchasing power of the resources at their disposal. Take, for example, the apartment I just described and move a middle-class person with middle-class habits and knowledge into it, given exactly the same resources. Within days it would be still shabby but a different place. All of which is precisely the point of the thought experiments about Thailand and the South Bronx: money has very little to do with living a poverty-stricken life. Similarly, "a subsistence income" has very little to do with what Americans think of as poverty.

That being the case, I am arguing that the job of designing good public policy must be reconstrued. We do not have the option of saying, "First we will provide for the material base, then worry about the other necessary conditions for pursuing happiness." These conditions interact. The ways in which people go about achieving safety, self-respect, and self-fulfillment in their lives are inextricably bound up with each other and with the way in which people go about providing for their material well-being. We do not have the option of doing one good thing at a time.

In discussing the conditions for pursuing happiness I have put material resources first only because that is where they have stood in the political debate. I am suggesting that properly they should be put last. □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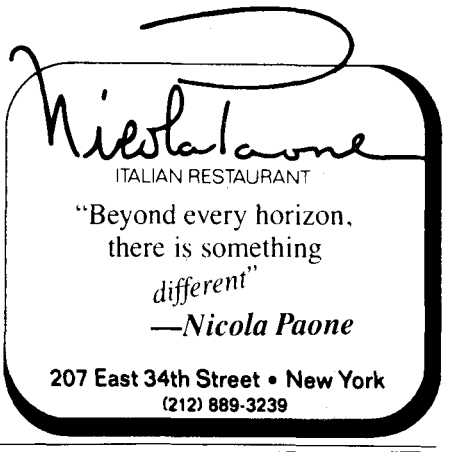

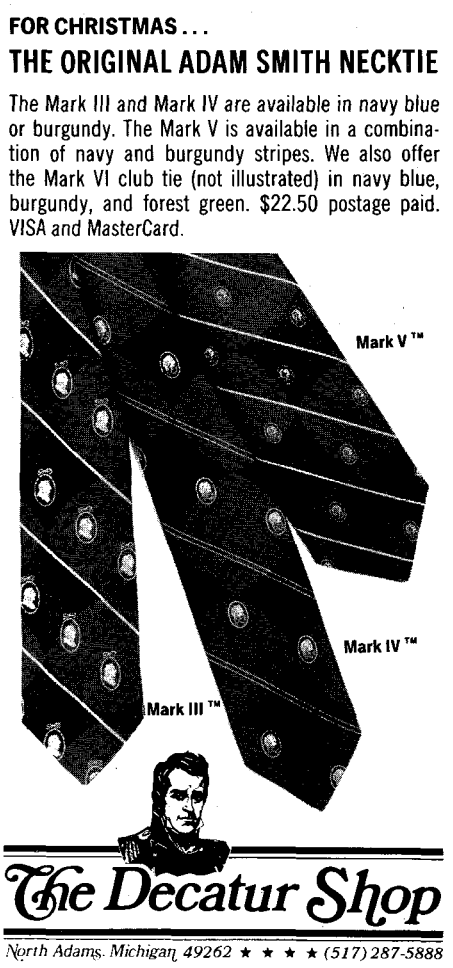
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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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THE NEW DUKAKIS LAW

NEW YORK, SEPT. 30

A CORRESPONDENT calls to our attention yet another oddity about Governor Dukakis, but this one with extraordinary implications. Beginning on January 1, 1988, no one applying to serve in the state of Massachusetts as a "public-safety officer" will be permitted to smoke.

On duty, you mean?

No. Not *on* duty, or *off* duty. The rules cover "the inhaling, exhaling, or burning of any lighted cigarette, cigar, pipe, or other product containing tobacco." My correspondent, Mr. Wayne Rash, comments, "Considering the other provisions recently passed in that state, I suppose it is safe to say that you can do nearly anything you wish with a camel in Massachusetts except smoke one."

The rationale behind the Dukakis anti-smoking law is given by Mr. David Haley, the state personnel administrator. "The statute," Mr. Haley explains, "calls for termination of an employee who is found after a hearing to have violated the prohibition. Since smoking has been established as a contributing risk factor for hypertension and heart disease, disability retirement due to hypertension and heart disease should eventually be reduced." And Mr. Haley closed, proudly, "It is believed that this disqualification of smokers for public employment may be the first such ban on a statewide basis."

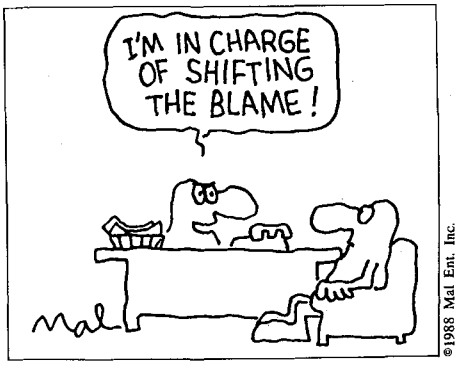
A very interesting approach to the smoking problem. You have to give Governor Dukakis an A for inventiveness. The possibilities that lie ahead are enormous.

Inasmuch as he seeks to apply his no-smoking ban to "public-safety officers," one must assume that one of the first things he would do on becoming President would be to apply the rule to the armed services. There's a couple of million people right there: No smoking, on duty, or off duty. He could set up a federal department, the Department of No Smoking on Duty or off Duty (NSODOD). As a matter of fact, hypertension being a great national problem, President Dukakis might elevate the head of NSODOD to Cabinet rank.

There will be those who object, and Mr. Dukakis might even have a problem or two from the ACLU. The ACLU might take the position that since smoking is legally permitted—for instance, in your own home—the state does not have the right to discriminate against smokers for public employment. The ACLU might take the position that to do so is a venture in "shower adjusting," to quote the metaphor of an old libertarian who sees shower adjusting as the principal preoccupation of the modern state—looking into your shower and telling you: No no no! You have the wrong temperature! And a great hairy hand reaches in and makes your water—a little warmer. Or a little colder. Never mind which, but different from what you yourself had it set at.

The law, in the hands of Mr. Dukakis, is a wonderfully flexible instrument. We all remember that Governor Dukakis refused to promulgate the law passed by his legislature ordaining that public-school students be led in a Pledge of Allegiance each day. Mr. Dukakis said that a ruling by the Supreme Court in 1943 made it unlawful for him to obey the instructions of the legislature, never mind that another state (Illinois) saw a sufficient difference in what the Supreme Court (in a 6 to 3 decision) frowned upon, and what the legislature of Massachusetts passed. Mr. Dukakis, on this point, decided to be a stickler.

On the other hand, not long ago Mr. Dukakis decided that he would declare that Sacco and Vanzetti, the famous murderers, were not guilty. Never mind that they were found guilty by a court of law, and that one of Mr. Dukakis's predecessors, Governor Alvan Fuller, deeply explored the question of their trial, ruled it fair and the evidence overwhelming, and confirmed the sentence that sent them to the chair. Modern scholarship confirms that finding:



but the Duke, in a great gesture of retroactive chivalry, now declares them innocent. Who else might he decide was innocent, if he gets to the White House? Benedict Arnold? After all, we live in a pluralist society. Who is to say that Benedict Arnold owed allegiance to the United States? As a matter of fact, given Governor Dukakis's attitude toward criminals in general, to whom he has regularly given "furloughs," perhaps he will, with a sweep of his wand, forgive them all. Presidential pardons for everyone, given that most people in prison did not have the kind of opportunities in life that Mr. Dukakis enjoyed.

But those who think the Duke is soft on crime should think again. He will not grant pardons to anyone caught smoking. □

HENRY KISSINGER AND THE RIGHT

NEW YORK, SEPT. 23

THE STORY (written by E. J. Dionne Jr. of the *New York Times*) is that George Bush, having made his peace with the American Right, is now free to tomcat among Republican liberals, if the expression is still permitted. The idea, we gather, is this: George Bush needed to nail down the conservative vote hard and fast, and did so in New Orleans. But now he needs to go after the big swing vote, the so-called Reagan Democrats, whose allegiance to Reagan gave the GOP 49 states the last time around.

Among those interviewed by Mr. Dionne to test out his thesis was Burton Yale Pines, one of the principal officials of the Heritage Foundation, which is the mecca of American conservatism. Here is the story as published on September 11: "Already there are rumblings on the Right over a new specter: Henry A. Kissinger, the former Secretary of State. When Mr. Bush's aides told conservative leaders that the Vice President was planning to name Mr. Kissinger as a member of a campaign advisory committee on national security, some conservatives became apoplectic. They see Mr. Kissinger as the architect of the policy of détente with the Soviet Union and of arms-control agreements they opposed.

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" 'He represents all the great U.S. foreign-policy defeats of the . . . 1970s,' said Mr. Pines. 'George Bush cannot seriously be thinking of turning to a discredited Kissinger for any advice.' "

There are two questions posed here by Mr. Pines. The first has to do with public perception; and it is certainly true that Mr. Kissinger is associated with the fall of Vietnam, SALT I, and the ABM Treaty, none of them causes for celebration. The second question has to do with justice, and here one registers surprise, and dismay.

Henry Kissinger did not go from the State Department to a Trappist monastery. He wrote two huge books in which he recorded in great detail the events that led to the fall of Saigon, and to the 1972 treaties, deploring a concatenation of circumstances that ranged from neo-isolationism in Congress, to ineptitude by the Watergate burglars. In 1983, he led the commission that explored the crisis in Central America and succeeded in getting all the Democrats on that commission, with the single exception of Mr. Henry Cisneros of San Antonio, to endorse a hard U.S. line there, including the maintenance of pressure through the Contras.

Kissinger talks more or less non-stop on television and in the press. He has written articles and columns in *Time* and *Newsweek* and for his syndicate. And the body of the advice he has given in these tomes is, on the subject of détente and arms control in particular, substantially to the right of the positions taken by George Bush. Mr. Bush is a dutiful enthusiast for the INF Treaty, as one would expect. That is the treaty whose floor manager in the Senate was Alan Cranston, whose only reservation about it was that we didn't also give away our Coast Guard. The preposterous suggestion is being made that the right wing has to fear arms-control advice given to candidate George Bush by the toughest opponent of SALT II and INF in public life today. Henry Kissinger's position on INF, for reasons elaborated in full in many statements, added up to opposition to the terms of the treaty. In opposing those terms, he agreed with every Republican presidential candidate except Bush and one-half of Dole. As recently as last week, to an audience of about five million people on television, Henry Kissinger, answering a question put to him by George McGovern, "Do you approve of the terms of the INF Treaty?" replied, "I do not"—and set forth his reservations.

If Mr. Pines is saying that SALT I turned out to be a bad arrangement, he has an interesting historical point to make. And certainly ABM, in hindsight, was a mistake: but no one was more ardently in favor of developing anti-missile technology than Henry Kissinger even then. But the question before the house is: Ought the Right to welcome advice by Henry Kissinger to George Bush on the matter of relations with the Soviet Union? I not only hope Mr. Bush will be advised by Kissinger, I pray that he will.

I was for 25 years in near day-to-day company with the foremost anti-Communist strategist of our time, the late James Burnham: not only the author of *The Struggle for the World*, but one of the earliest minds that perceived that that was what it was all about. I rank second only to James Burnham's the insight, the skills, the imagination, and the constancy of Henry Kissinger. The commission appointed by George Bush lists as co-chairmen Brent Scowcroft, Zbigniew Brzezinski, and Henry Kissinger. In enlisting the aid of Kissinger, Mr. Bush is doing his country and himself a singular service. □

KOPPEL'S DRUG BUST

NEW YORK, SEPT. 19

THE OTHER NIGHT Ted Koppel attempted a town meeting on the air to explore the question, Should drugs be legalized? Mr. Koppel's genius as an announcer-interrogator-producer suffers a little from the Barnum & Bailey complex. He is so anxious to have everything going in three tents, you are quite likely to miss Jascha Heifetz off in a corner playing a Bach Suite. On top of everything else—13 panelists, a studio audience of two hundred guests who sounded as if, in preparation, they had not been allowed to speak for the preceding 48 hours—on top of that, he invited half the people in the United States to dial an 800 number to ask their own questions.

Those who have followed the controversy for years (I have) have come close to despairing of the detachability of a society's "approval" of a drug, from the society's "licensing" of a drug. Jesse Jackson said he thought it would send out a crazy signal to "license poison." I attempted to make the distinction, this time giving non-drug illustrations. "You are free in this society to go out and contract syphilis, which hardly means that society is encouraging you to go out and contract syphilis. You are free, in this society, to vote for Jesse Jackson, which doesn't make a vote for Jesse any the less disreputable."

This line did not turn out to be a pedagogical sunburst. The audience mostly misunderstood and partly resented my jocular point. If I had had 18 seconds more, I'd have gone on to say that much of the literature we read encourages sexual abandon, indeed often encourages the idea of separating oneself from one's family: and yet we do not abandon our commitment to the freedom to read, even as we acknowledge that reading can be the cause of the worst plagues in the world. Imagine how serene a century we might have had if no one had taught Mao Tse-tung, Lenin, and Hitler how to read.

But there is no getting around the social prejudice against "licensing" a noxious drug. You can protest: But look, society does *exactly* that to tobacco and liquor, and they are the greatest killers of all! But the quiet answer is that as a political matter there is nothing to be done about booze and nicotine save slowly to encircle the abusers with the data, which grow more vivid every time a scientist leaves a laboratory. Ten per cent of those who take booze drink too much of it. And 350,000 persons per year will die prematurely because they smoked cigarettes.

Crack, cocaine, and heroin are different in obvious ways and in less obvious ways. Crack causes some people to be violent, to themselves and to others. And in pursuit of crack and cocaine and (though less so) of heroin, people will, literally, kill.

What is missing psychologically is a sense of the duality of society's position on drugs. My attempt to furnish this is a complementary social commitment: 1) Adults get to buy the stuff at carefully regulated stores (where the price is kept low enough to discourage a black market, but high enough to accumulate a surplus to be used for drug education). 2) Drug merchants caught selling the stuff to minors will be executed.

THIS APPARENT contradiction—at age 21, you can go buy the stuff at a local counter; at age twenty, you can try to buy it, but if the man at the local counter sells it to you, he goes to the electric chair—is both less than that, and more than that. It is an attempt to accommodate two social moods. The first of them is fatalistic: there is no way to keep cocaine from coming into this country—no way: the data are overwhelming on the subject. Therefore, let it in. The second is moral. We extend special protections to our minors. In most states we don't let them buy a bottle of beer. Well, we're going to extend those protections in the matter of drugs, but here is the kicker. We are so resolute on the subject that anyone violating this law will end up hanging from a noose in a federal prison.

What would pass for offhand latitudinarianism in licensing cocaine suddenly is viewed differently. Society is saying: Drugs are a great bane of existence. If we could decree their elimination, we would do so. We can't. But we can express ourselves about them, and do so by handing out the ultimate penalty against those cretins who, in order to line their pockets, would ruin the lives of minors.

The society has nourished its taboos, while acknowledging its incapacity to repeal Original Sin. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Country in *Gulliver's Travels*
119 96 210 4 33 136 24 219

B. Alaskan seaport
145 43 98 71 61 190 89 228 12

C. Like conservative thought!
175 222 66 151 143 13 161 188 1 139

D. Tatterdemalions
146 192 9 79 154 202 62 131 31 97

E. Greek patriot Prince Alexander
95 53 162 211 32 125 158 73 224

F. Like the inhabitants of Def. A
216 116 160 74 8 169 106 214 204 44

G. Twisting in pain
182 67 93 212 197 7 49 147

H. Law passed after the criminal act (3 words)
149 14 135 121 80 115 172 29 185 170

I. Blue-collar briefcase? (2 words)
126 52 138 189 11 221 39 64

J. Atlantic entrance to Panama Canal
76 133 87 60 150 42 208 220 120

K. Exaggeration for effect
183 35 54 81 203 108 132 165 2

L. Intricate passageways
92 72 30 213 56 187 140 127 186 22

M. Opera components
179 18 129 77 94 148 176 68 51

N. Fishbowl occupants
173 84 15 40 109 166 218

O. Bothers
205 59 99 157 10 48 34 78 193

P. City in central England
124 137 88 100 227 112 25 6

Q. Today's neanderthals
65 141 36 156 209 117 153 23

R. New stars
180 168 28 107 163

S. Archaeological sites
82 114 159 201

T. Like the inhabitants of Def. A
196 226 45 113

U. Sermons
128 144 63 177 110 91 217 47

V. Sins
69 86 164 223 195

W. Military groupings
50 111 206 184 83 19 155 37 178

X. Slow but steady destruction
198 16 171 215 27 134 75

Y. Christened
90 101 3 46 118 225 191 20

Z. Lucky Lindy and not-so-lucky Amelia
207 26 123 174 57 17 85 102

a. Braids
70 200 103 142 181 58 167

b. Primary activity of Soviet UN delegation
194 104 41 199 5 130 152 122 21

1 C D	2 K	3 Y	4 A	5 b O	6 P Y	7 G	8 F N	9 D		10 O	11 I	12 B		13 C M	14 H X		15 N P	16 X	17 Z	18 M V	19 W I	20 Y	21 b É
22 L		23 Q S	24 A	25 P R	26 Z	27 X	28 R	29 H A	30 L	31 D I	32 E L	33 A	34 O T	35 K		36 Q A	37 W N	38 C D		39 I	40 N P	41 b P	42 J O
43 B	44 F E	45 T N	46 Y T	47 U S		48 O A	49 G N	50 W D		51 M	52 I U	53 E P	54 K	55 H O	56 L R	57 Z T	58 a E	59 O R	60 J S		61 B	62 D F	
63 U M	64 I		65 Q A	66 C G	67 G	68 M E	69 V		70 a T	71 B H	72 L A	73 E T		74 F I	75 X	76 J C	77 M R	78 O E	79 D	80 H S	81 K E	82 S	
83 W S	84 N	85 Z	86 V V	87 J I	88 P	89 B A	90 Y	91 U	92 L L	93 G I	94 M T	95 E Y		96 A	97 D N	98 B C	99 O R	100P E	101Y A	102Z	103a É	104b S	
105D S	106F T	107R	108K	109N	110U	111W I	112P	113T		114S	115H T		116F I	117Q S		118Y I	119A L	120J L	121H O	122b G	123Z	124P C	125E A
126I		127L T	128U H	129M E	130b N		131D F	132K	133J R		134X	135H P	136A	137P	138I N	139C É	140L N	141Q T	142a S		143c T	144U O	
145B	146D K	147G	148M	149H		150J T	151C H	152b A	153Q T		154D	155W	156Q V	157O I	158E N	159S G		160F	161C I	162E S	163R S	164V I	165K
166N É	167a S		168R	169F	170H T		171X	172H F		173N G	174Z	175C R	176M R	177U I	178W	179M O	180R	181a S		182G	183K	184W I	185H C
186L H		187L I	188C N	189I	190B	191Y E	192D	193O	194b E	195V		196T	197G	198X	199b I	200a R		201S	202D U	203K	204F V	205O I	206W V
207Z	208J	209Q	210A	211E	212G	213L		214F	215X		216F	217U É	218N S	219A	220J A	221I	222C I	223V L	224E I	225Y Z	226T	227P	228B

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 60 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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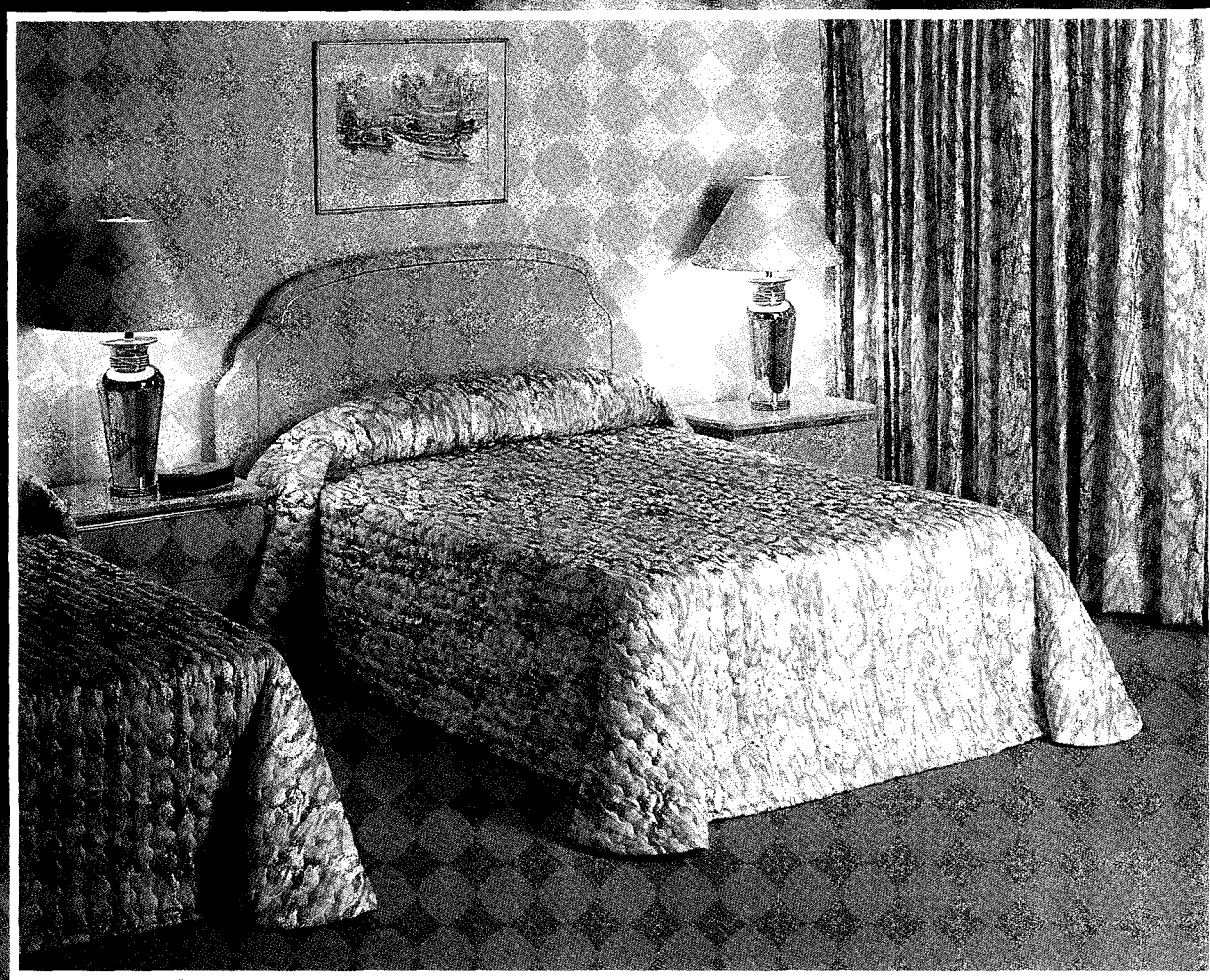

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